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THE NATIONAL POLICE GAZETTE

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RICHARD K. FOX,
Editor and Proprietor.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MAY 30, 1885.

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Price Ten Cents.



SCHOOL-GIRL MASHERS.

THE INFAMOUS AND IDIOTIC RASCALS WHO INFEST THE FEMALE SEMINARIES OF NEW YORK AND BROOKLYN.



RICHARD K. FOX, - Editor and Proprietor.
POLICE GAZETTE PUBLISHING HOUSE,
Franklin Square, N. Y.

FOR THE WEEK ENDING
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"RICHARD K. FOX VS. SNIDE REFORMERS."

A very readable newspaper is the Cincinnati Sporting and Dramatic Journal, and this is what it says of a gentleman pretty well known to our readers. There is a general impression among those who have studied the subject that there is a good deal of truth in what our esteemed contemporary of Cincinnati feels compelled to remark:

We have observed with considerable satisfaction the manly and open course that Richard K. Fox has taken in meeting the opposition that has sprung up against him, but it is with him, as with all public men and women who are subject to repeated attacks from poor, weak-minded and envious mortals, who are unfit to cope with the world except as hirelings, and are always meditating revenge on those who by bright and energetic means have risen to public recognition. There are things about Mr. Fox we do not admire, but we all have our faults: we overlook those distasteful and admire those that are commendable. Take Richard K. Fox all around, and a better friend to mankind cannot be found. If you are in need and worthy of support, he will help you out. Is it the case with preachers and temperance shouters? No. If you apply for aid they will refer you to the "salvation fold," and it will require a week before some oily disciple or frizzy old maid will be delegated to assist you. By that time a man or woman in want will have plenty of time to die, be buried and memory of your existence erased forever. This howl that is raised at every full moon emits from foundries that are built by cranks, run by cranks and are supported by cranks. They are the very kind of people that are last to improve their homes, introduce new thoughts and enterprises, assist neighbors in new undertakings, and last to educate their children in modern manners. Then, again, this class of people that swarm around the heels of successful celebrities of the theatrical and sporting world and try their best to ruin, are too almighty mean even to support a newspaper published in their interest. Look at the temperance sheets to-day, all are compelled to use "patent insides," and live from hand to mouth. The writer can say that the taste of liquor is unknown to him and has no use for tobacco in any form, that he is thankful that in his effort to keep away from those articles his head remains the same size and entertains the idea that when he is in want of a friend he will not long search in the mimic or sporting world before he will find one.

SUPPOSE AND SUPPOSE.

Last week we asked our readers to imagine what new forms and expressions of abuse would have been heaped by the moralists of the morning papers on this journal had it printed (as it could have printed) three months ago all the particulars and details of the Fish-Reber case as published in the morning papers aforesaid.

Let us indulge in a few other suppositions. Suppose we had given as much space as they did to the Crowley-Morris case?

Suppose we had published the evidence in full as the Sun and World did?

Suppose we had printed the surgical testimony word for word as the Sun did?

Suppose we had put into cold type all the filthy, obscene, disgusting and loathsome details—just as all the morning papers did?

What then?

But we didn't—and so we saved the professional censors and reformers who have the care of New York in their keeping that what is "low and revolting obscenity" in a weekly newspaper is "accurate news" and "instructive reading" when published in a daily journal.

Bah!

A SPRING has just been discovered in Kentucky whose water is as bitter as gall. An investigation will probably develop the fact that a book agent has been buried in the vicinity.

A CLERGYMAN, of St. Louis, says that the aggregate church attendance in that city on Sunday is 10,000, while on a recent Sunday 40,000 people witnessed a cowboy exhibition, 20,000 attended baseball games, 20,000 spent the day in beer gardens and 5,000 heard "Bob" Ingersoll.

BOSH.

During the prosecution of Sergeant Crowley when the comment was justly made that Maggie Morris and the girls of her set were guilty of dangerous folly in attending balls held in rum-shop extensions without escort, it was gravely said by one of the lawyers in the case that the "etiquette" of the working class is very different from that of "swell society."

Humbbug—and pernicious humbug at that. The "working classes" are, as a rule, a vast deal more particular and circumspect than their "social superiors." The poor and the humble are proverbially jealous of their honor, and there isn't a virtuous and properly brought up shop-girl in New York who wouldn't shrink angrily from the familiarities and liberties which the "young ladies" of Murray Hill blandly accept from their male equivalents.

Maggie Morris' rashness is not to be vindicated by the charge that the working girls of New York are indifferent to all dangers to their chastity.

RIEL didn't know Middleton was loaded.

ON the Continent war with Russia is looked upon as a Czar-tainty.

THERE were hangings enough last week to make murderers scarce, but the murderers don't seem to see it, somehow.

IT is refreshing for those who smoke imported cigars to learn that the Lancaster county, Pa., tobacco crop is flourishing this year.

CAPT. PAUL BOYTON has given up swimming and opened a bar-room. This can be called another case of turning water into wine.

ANOTHER bank clerk gone wrong; this time in New York. He belonged to a swell yacht club. His is a case of—Morse and Remorse.

BECAUSE ex-President Hayes rented a house of his in Omaha, for saloon purposes, the Chicago Times fears his hens will begin to lay eggs.

THE Governor-General of Canada receives \$50,000 a year, as much as the President of the United States, and he gets vastly more fun out of it besides.

IN the Soudan it seems when pretender meets pretender then comes the tug-of-war. El Mahdi and his rival propose to have the tug. The loser will get the toe.

MINNEAPOLIS has received \$400 in licenses from newsboys and bootblacks. Minneapolis will next require a license from washerwomen. It is a very mean city.

CURIOUS how strong the leading passion is, even in a restaurant. A gambler invariably calls for Saratoga chips, while Eli Perkins won't eat anything but Ly on aise.

HELL has been pretty thoroughly abolished in both the new and old testament. It is now Hades, pit, grove or shoal. Yet hell by any other name may burn as hot.

DEAN SWIFT spelled it "bad Situation," and the letter containing it has just sold for \$47.25 in London. We know Americans who will beat that spelling for not half the sum.

THIS is a bad year for rebels on the American continent. Barrios was killed in the first battle, Riel is captured, and yet Capt. Couch heedeth not, neither does he subside.

THE land of the Orient proves more attractive to the radiant Sunset Cox than the land of the eagle. Hence he will hie him Turkeyward, all political protestations notwithstanding.

IT is reported that a colored family named Silence holds five positions in the department at Washington, with salaries aggregating \$3,800. It is an old adage that "Silence is golden."

THE paragraphs have had their fun at the expense of the doctors and still the cancer is making progress, and Grant's days are numbered. He is worse and has had to give up his work.

THE great nations of the earth generally seem to be walking around with chips on their shoulders daring some other to knock them off. The condition seems to be endemic, epidemic and contagious.

THERE is a queer Christian church in the interior of New Zealand. It is built of logs and its decorative symbolism inside consists of a flaring portrait of Mr. Gladstone and a page from one of Mr. James Payn's novels. The natives meet here once a week and chant the Decalogue and the Lord's Prayer under the idea that in some mysterious way they are "big medicine."

AMONG the other terrible results of war it may be mentioned that one of our naval officers, who is at present in Panama, has been forced to change the date of his wedding, which was to have taken place this month.

OUT in the boundless West, when a young fellow gets married, the first thing he receives is a serenade from the local band. This generally reconciles him to any sort of treatment, and he settles down and is happy afterward.

WE notice that Postmaster-General Vilas is about to institute suits against the lottery companies. We don't know the number of Mr. Vilas' ticket, but if he drew something and the companies refuse to pay, he certainly should sue them.

THE Celebrated Dashaway Temperance Association of San Francisco, most of the members of which have been stealing and lying for five years, have begun to shoot. They seem to have been guilty of about all the crimes on the calendar except drinking.

IT is said that the missionaries have converted a small tribe of natives in New Zealand who refuse to read any part of the Bible except that part of the Old Testament which deals with war and slaughter. They say that is good enough Christianity for them.

CHINESE doctors administer dried and smoked reptiles in cases of consumption. In this country reptiles are also swallowed in cases of consumption. In consumption of whisky, we mean. But they are not dried ones—not by a lively and wriggling majority, we've been told.

MR. WALLACK denies that his son indulged in the luxury of a secret marriage. The man's engagement had been known to his parents for quite a time—and "Being anxious to avoid the vulgarity of a show wedding," says Mr. Wallack, "he was quietly and privately married."

MICHAEL HUGHES, a young farmer, charged with attempting to kill his father at Penn Yan, was arrested in Brooklyn and will be taken home for trial. He had escaped to Ireland, but kept up a correspondence with his mother, and after his father recovered, returned to this country. He will probably get his deserts.

A BETTER place than heaven, is the way Guy Min, a Chinaman, puts it. He says: "You sen millie dollies to Chinee to make peep lyedy fu kingdom heaven; you doan want him cum United States, yes! zats wat Chinee man says." The Chinaman is evidently making a comparison and reasoning as many Mongoloids do.

IT won't break John Bull's neck, this little additional straw of \$6,000 annuity to Princess Beatrice, the youngest of the royal family, but some time that proverbial last straw which does the mischief will get in its "fine work." That time, however, seems to be tolerably far off yet, from present indications, since the vote in the House stood 337 to 38.

A BRIDGEPORT (Conn.) paper says that a member of the Faith Mission, who worked in one of the Bridgeport factories, went into the shop the other day and told the book-keeper that the Lord had told him that he ought to work for fifty cents less. They took it off and wish the Lord would make some more such revelations.

BEING relieved from the cares of office generally improves a man's health, but this does not apply to Chet. Arthur. The ex-president has been ill ever since he left Washington, and it is reported that he has only left his house once since March. It is to be hoped that Chet. will soon be all right, and that he will be able to go on his fishing excursion to Pelee Island in June.

THERE is a man in Tuscarora, Nevada, who loves his toddy pretty well who has registered an oath not to take a drink until he has successfully and squarely accomplished a game of nine card, black and red solitaire, and he is only to make one trial each day. It is now over two weeks since he commenced, and he begins to think he is doomed to total abstinence during the term of his natural life.

HOTEL proprietors are not alike all over the world. A contributor to Zion's Herald, detailing his experiences in Norway, says that at Laerdal his landlord took him in without ready money, asked him how he could improve his hotel and make it more agreeable for guests, and gave him a receipted bill for his whole stay, with the name of a gentleman in Bergen to whom he might pay the amount if he happened to visit that city again.

SPORTIVE PERSONALS.



At the head of this column we publish the portrait of the finest old American gentleman who ever encouraged and promoted true manly sports. Wm. H. Travers, the Nestor of amateur athletics, is depicted in the sacrificial act of decapitating a new-bought parrot because it couldn't speak any more clearly than his own witty, genial, stuttering self.

L. Booth has been reinstated by the New Louisiana Jockey Club.

Frank Dole has been engaged to coach the University of Pennsylvania, football teams during the present season.

Cowal received a gold medal for being the second successful jockey at the New Orleans meeting. Andy McCarthy having taken the medal for first.

A member of the Board of Trade, Chicago, has offered to pit Slosson against anybody in the world at any style of carrom game, for \$1,000 a side. But the contest is to take place in that city.

Slosson returned to Chicago on May 3, and that night a number of his friends entertained him at the Palmer House. Remarks were made by Thomas Foley, Charles Parker, T. H. White, the veteran W. Corcoran and others.

Harry Martin will receive a benefit at the Williamsburg Athletic Club grounds, Brooklyn, on Monday, May 25, the entertainment offered consisting of sparring, wrestling, running, walking, etc., by professionals and amateurs.

James Grant defeated James Little in a half-mile foot-race, for \$200 a side, at Beacon Park, Boston, May 6. He led all the way and was ten yards ahead a turlong from home, when Little stopped exhausted. Time, 2 minutes 3 1/2 seconds.

Wm. Delaney, the prominent trainer and jockey, who recently purchased the ch g. Marshal, five years, by Glen Athol—Lotta, from P. H. McMahon for \$1,500, will train a public stable this season. His colors will be chocolate body and cap with blue sleeves.

George Davison, ex-champion walker of England, died in Shoreditch Infirmary, London, April 27. His last match of note was with W. J. Stockwell, to whom he gave thirty yards in six miles, for \$1,000. Feb. 14, 1870, and by whom he was beaten somewhat easily. He had been an inmate of the institution where he died since April 16 last.

Austin Street, the well-known Philadelphia amateur oarsman and artist, died in that city recently and was buried on May 8. He had been a member of the Pennsylvania Boat Club for twenty years, and the flags on all the boat-houses were placed at half mast. He was one of the Pennsylvania four which held the championship of the Schuylkill Navy for many years.

Albert Hamm, the speedy Nova Scotia sculler, is in strict training at New Bedford, Mass., under the eye of W. C. Conyers. He had made arrangements to go to the New Orleans regatta, intending to row double with John Teemer, but the prizes were so insignificant and the expenses so heavy that it was deemed advisable not to take the trip. He is in excellent health and rowing well.

W. J. M. Barry proved his quality as a powerful athlete by some remarkable performances at Queen's College sports, Cork, Ireland, on April 18. In slinging the 56-pound weight between the legs, without follow, he reached a distance of 23 feet 1/2 inch, thereby beating the best previous record (his own) by half an inch, while with a follow he cast the weight the extraordinary distance of 28 feet 4 inches, being 1 foot 7 inches ahead of any preceding performance.

Charles T. Shean, on May 4, opened his new room in Springfield, Mass. It is in Cooley's Hotel, in Athol block, Main street, and is 30x30 feet. It is well lighted, and is elegantly fitted up. The bar is of tamed cherry, but it can produce wild cherry if necessary. There are five tables, two of them for pool. Mr. Shean is so well known in Springfield that he ought to do well either in his present location or anywhere else in that city it may hereafter please him to pitch his tent and chalk up his rather speedy eye.

DRAMATIC DOINGS.

The Alleged Beauties of the American Stage and the Way They Spend Their Summer.

It is a fact as notorious as notorious can be that every woman who plays upon the stage is "beautiful and accomplished." She is also, occasionally, virtuous. She is sometimes genial, sometimes kind, sometimes cynical and so long as she goes upon the stage, she is "beautiful and accomplished." Remember that, if you please.

The "beautiful and accomplished" of the stage are divided up into several different classes and sets, and

sent, a cocktail-laden table at her right, teaching her polli parrot the lines and business of some new character.

Curiously enough, when it comes to a question of intelligence and sense, it is almost impossible to distinguish between the parrot and the star.

STAGE WHISPERS.

Lottie Winnett has returned from her visit to Michigan.

The Cragg Family have signed for a long stay with J. H. Haverly.

The St. Felix Sisters open in "The Little Romp" next week. It is a musical comedy.

It is rumored that Jacobs & Proctor have secured the Grand Opera House for a short season.

This is a conundrum: What will be the most popular nuts at the circus? Peanuts with the audience and chestnuts with the clowns.

J. W. Summers and Anna Boyle, both of John A. Stevens' Co., were lately married in San Francisco. Mr. Summers' first wife, Lillian De Garmo, died last year.

It is announced that the new play, "A Moral Crime," is "full of human interest." This is reassuring. It might be supposed otherwise that the interest was of an inhuman character.

It is said that Signor Salvini will be his own financial manager in his coming tour in America. He has enough money to stand the luxury, but will probably not have by the end of his season.

Annie Ward Tiffany and C. H. Green (business manager) have been re-engaged for next season with the "Shadows of a Great City" Co. The former has given up her talk of an Australian tour.

R. L. Downing's business manager next season will be B. W. Kleibacker, and his stage manager A. B. Anderson. Mr. Downing says he will do "The Creole," "Tally-ho" and "David Garrick."

Nat Goodwin, having closed his four weeks' season with "The Skating Rink," will rehearse this week in Boston his new piece "Bottom's Dream."

The two children of May Fielding (by Richard C. Cornell, her late husband) will be among the largest heirs to the estate of Peter C. Cornell of Brooklyn, who died last week.

Prof. H. H. Boyesen, author of "Alpine Roses," two years ago slapped a Long Island boy's face so hard as to cause deafness. The lad's father's sued Boyesen, and a New York jury on May 6 brought in a verdict for \$400 damages.

Miss Louis Balf, the Nancy of "Lend Me a Dollar," will star next season under the joint management of A. L. Erlanger and John Havlin. Several plays are now being prepared for Miss Balf, among which is the translation of "Drei Paar Schuhe" ("Three Pairs of Shoes").

Leonora Bradley announces that the play in which she is to star next season is to be called "Doss." It is Joe Bradford's dramatization of Ouida's novel "Puck," and was originally acted April 18 at the Olympic theatre, London, Eng., under the name of "Heartless." Kyrie Bellew had the leading role. The London critics gave it a severe scoring.

Frank McNish says his Crescent City Quartet will be thus made up: First tenor, Will Raymond; second tenor, Banks Wlater; baritone, W. F. Holmes; bass, W. W. Black. Mr. McNish is still working on the designs for his printing. The general agent of the McNish-Slavin-Johnson party, J. P. Harris, was in town last week.

Joseph Arthur, the author of "A Cold Day," tells a funny story on himself. He says he went to the Diamond street lockup in Pittsburg to see Caruso, the Italian murderer, and while there a gentleman asked an official, "Who is that man in custody?" "Why, that is Caruso, the murderer, and they are about to lock him up." "And who is that gentleman?" pointing to Arthur. "That's the author of 'A Cold Day When We Get Left.'" "For Heaven's sake lock him up, too!" said the gentleman.

Further facts in connection with the separation of Harry J. Norman and his wife, Miss St. Quinten, have come to light. Norman alleges that the man to blame for the unhappy separation is one Moulton, the tenor of the company, aided by Gardiner, a member of the orchestra. The trouble commenced at Pembroke and culminated at Malone, where an incident occurred which left Norman no reason to doubt that his suspicions had been well founded. He accordingly left the company, which went to Ogdensburg, where they are now playing.

Frank W. Sanger has bought a half-interest in Hooley's theatre, Chicago: Willie Edouin has purchased the lease of the Park theatre, Boston, Mass., from Abbey & Schoeffel and will be the next manager there; T. Henry French has purchased one-half interest in the Grand Opera House, this city, from H. E. Abbey; J. H. Haverly has secured the Board of Trade building in Chicago, and will convert it into a first-class theatre for next season. The sales on Mr. Abbey's part indicate that he is up to some important move, and is parting with his holdings to further it.

Sanger & Goodwin's "Skating Rink" promises to be one of the leading light attractions of the coming season. In a trial season of a few weeks it has gone with a bounce wherever presented. During last week at Hooley's theatre, Chicago, the house could hardly accommodate the crowds. The receipts for the week were \$3,100. This particular "Rink" is destined to dwarf all others in drawing power next season. Mr. Goodwin will pose in the role of a reformer. He has arranged to continue under Frank Sanger's management.

A few days ago a man applied to the manager of a San Francisco theatre for work and was told that he had nothing for him to do unless he painted the town red. The fellow disappeared, and in the course of an hour was at work on the famous Lotta fountain painting it a brilliant carmine. Passers-by saw him and wondered what the object was, but nothing was said to him, and he finished the job, daubing the fountain from top to bottom. It is given out that he is not very bright, and that he took seriously an injunction that was intended only as a joke. This of course is the theatre manager's story. It appears, however, that at the theatre in question a play called "Painting the Town Red" is now on the boards, and the probability is that the manager put up this job as an advertisement.

ROLLER RINKLES.



Bessie DeCamp was born in Stamford, Conn., some fifteen years ago. She began her professional career as a fancy skater at Haverstraw, N. Y., last December, and since then has made wonderful progress in her art. Miss DeCamp wears four handsome gold medals won at different times and at different rinks. The first was won in a competition at the American Institute and the last was awarded her at the Madison Square Garden tournament. She is possessed of a very pretty face and fine figure, and her unassuming manner makes a bond of friendship between her and her audiences whenever she appears. The costumes worn by this little lady are of the handsomest kind and are always greatly admired by the ladies present. The New York World, in speaking of Miss Bessie during the Madison Square Garden tournament, alluded to her as the "prettiest girl on skates," which has gained for her the title of "Lilly Langtry of the Rink." Among the many feats performed by her, the following are always regarded as the most difficult:—Waltzing on skates with a tumbler of water on her head, and another, in the palm of each hand; the skipping rope, in which she goes at great speed, and finally the imitation of a locomotive going up grade. The latter never fails to draw out the greatest enthusiasm and is always rewarded with an encore.

W. B. Garden has retired from the management of the Seneca (Ill.) Rink.

Vassar College is invaded by the roller-skating rink mania. From chewing gum to skating on rollers is quite an evolution, after all.

Nat Goodwin's new drama is called "The Skating Rink." The actors are studying their "roles" and have begun to tumble to the business of the piece.

All of the claims made by J. E. Evans (Evans Skate Company, of Cincinnati) for the anti-friction skate were granted in two patents dated April 21, 1885.

It is noted that skaters never wear hip pockets. Flasks are so much safer when carried in an inside pocket—particularly to men who sit down suddenly.

A Western paper speaks of girls at the rink as "angels on casters." We have observed that when one of the angelic creatures gets upon rollers for the first time they are very apt to castor.

One of the New York roller-skating rinks is to have a new floor of paper laid down during the summer. There is a paper-floor rink at Indianapolis, and it is claimed to be the best surface yet employed, being smooth, but devoid of the slipperiness of hardwood floors, while it has the additional advantage of being noiseless.

It is the poorest kind of economy in rink management to lay a cheap floor. It is sure to cost double before the end is reached, for the poor floor soon gives out, and the price of that and the new floor which has to replace it combined, largely exceeds the first cost of a good floor.

Fred. Sewell, lately with Speedwell Bros., has returned to Boston, and is practicing double movements at the Columbia Rink, with Prof. Harrie Walker. They propose giving double exhibitions in fancy, trick and acrobatic skating and bicycling, and will necessarily constitute a strong attraction.

"Rink and Roller" says: "At Mariton and Colorado Springs, the great health resorts of Colorado, rinks will be erected this summer. It is also asserted that the hermit of Pike's Peak will build a rink above the wood line on the mount of perpetual snow. He will have only the employees of the Weather Service Department as patrons."

The six-day roller-skating contest, under the management of Peter Duryea and Thomas Davis, which began at Madison Square Garden, on May 11, ended on May 16. The receipts were about \$5,000, while it is estimated the expenses were fully \$13,000. The score at the end of the contest was as follows: Snowden, 1,166 miles; W. Boyst, 1,148 miles; Maddocks, 1,106 miles; Schock, 1,026 miles; Francis, 910 miles; Harriman, 800 miles. Snowden not only won the race, but in four of the six days he covered the greatest number of miles, as the following table will show:

	First day.	Second day.	Third day.
	M. L.	M. L.	M. L.
Snowden.....	275 0	214 2	180 6
W. Boyst.....	237 7	203 5	204 2
Maddocks.....	276 1	197 6	194 0
Schock.....	225 0	215 0	161 2
Francis.....	220 0	140 4	103 5
Harriman.....	220 5	151 3	124 0
	Fourth day.	Fifth day.	Sixth day.
	M. L.	M. L.	M. L.
Snowden.....	193 6	169 2	123 1
W. Boyst.....	184 1	177 4	115 0
Maddocks.....	168 0	164 2	105 6
Schock.....	155 5	133 3	83 6
Francis.....	148 6	125 6	92 5
Harriman.....	104 3	109 3	91 3

The complete resting time of the contestants was:

	H. M.
Snowden.....	25 0
W. Boyst.....	25 0
Maddocks.....	26 30
Schock.....	29 15
Francis.....	38 15
Harriman.....	39 9



The charming song and dance artiste.

cal and sarcastic, and once in a very long while—"scholarly."

But whatever else she may be and whatever else she may not be, she is always "beautiful and accomplished."

To a superficial observer this statement may, and, no doubt, does seem a trifle extravagant and exaggerated. The superficial observer, for example, think; he recalls a lady he saw in a society comedy who squinted, had a turn-up nose and bad teeth and waddled like a lame govt.

Or, in default of that, he betinks him of the letter he once saw from some "leading lady" accepting a champagne and oyster supper, the spelling of which would



The fascinating ingenue.

have made Josh Billings die of green envy, written in characters neither English, Italian nor Spencerian, but most like the cuneiform inscriptions on an Assyrian sepulcher.

"Those people 'beautiful and accomplished!'" he would exclaim. "Bosh! One's as ugly as sin and the other as ignorant as a horse!"

Hold on, superficial observer, hold on! You're entirely wrong. No matter if an actress can't read or write or cipher. No matter if she thinks the earth is square and flat and that the sun goes to bed regularly every night in the ocean. No matter though her nose be flat, her eyes small and green, her bosom flat, her back rounded, her mouth wide, her cheek bones high, her teeth decayed and her general appearance, to put it most mildly, a trifle discouraging—no matter all these trifling drawbacks, so long as she is an act-



The winsome child actress.



The sylph-like siren of the ballet.

most of them, now that the hot weather has really arrived, are enjoying their midsummer holidays somewhere or another.

For instance: the charming song-and-dance artists (song-and-dance artists are always charming) is putting in a brief holiday engagement at Far Rockaway. She tries to look the village maiden to the life, but somehow there's a toughness about her village maidenhood which is a trifle unvillagish. She lives by showing as much of her person as she can without



The exquisite prima-donna.

temporary lodgment in the cooler—so when she's Far Rockawaying it, you are not allowed to see so much as the tips of her toes.

The "fascinating ingenue" (all ingenues are "fascinating") takes in Long Branch for the season and does a deal of caroling around on a livery-horse which she vainly tries to make run away, so that she may be the heroine of a romantic rescue. But alas! the horse won't run, and her life is never threatened, and, worst of all, nobody shows the least inclination to play the part of the gallant rescuer.

The "winsome child actress" (all child actresses are "winsome," and all child actresses are over thirty years of age) goes in for a yachting summer down on the Long Island shore. She is great on giving the boat a steer and talks for all the world like a real little man. There are some benighted people who are not stuck on the "winsome" child actress and would rather she



The bewitching star.

naid't come along in the party. Such is the perversity of human nature.

The sylph-like siren of the ballet (all ballet-girls are sirens and sylph-like) has another weakness. She loves to disport herself in the edge of the Long Branch rollers, where, a toy spade in one hand and a sand bucket in the other, she dreams she is a child again. But she isn't—by a very large majority.

The exquisite prima-donna and the bewitching star (prima-donnas are always exquisite and stars are always bewitching)—they have their own way of giving their beauty and accomplishments, as well as the general public, a little rest. The prima-donna sits aloft in a cheap Dutch hotel on Fourth avenue and practices her scales all day while the bewitching star, ancient, fish-like and haggard, spends her holidays in a hammock at her country



LITTLE LOTTIE HENDRICKS,
THE ADOPTED CHILD OF THE HENDRICKS WHO
SUFFERED FROM THE MOST BRUTAL INHUMAN-
ITY, NEW BRUNSWICK, N. J.



C. ACHILLE ONOFRI,
THE BRUTAL STEPFATHER WHO IS ACCUSED OF
SLOWLY MURDERING HIS LITTLE STEPDAUGH-
TER IN PHILADELPHIA.



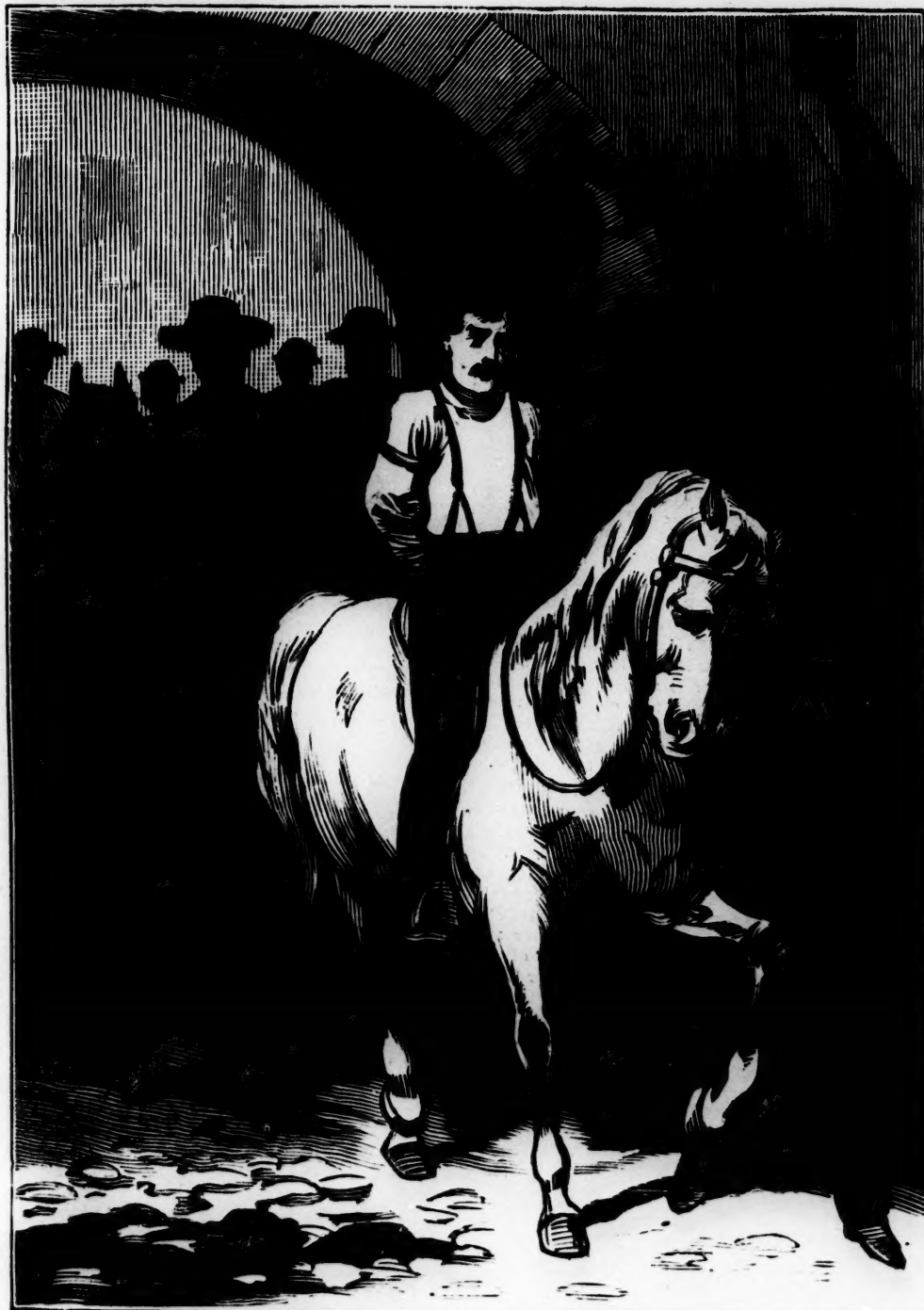
IT WAS HIS WIFE.
A FRENCH STONEMASON IS ARRESTED IN THE ACT OF CARRYING A CORPSE TO THROW IN
THE RIVER.



MRS. ISAAC HENDRICKS,
THE INHUMAN WOMAN WHO ALMOST KILLED
HER ADOPTED CHILD BY FIENDISH TREATMENT,
NEW BRUNSWICK, N. J.

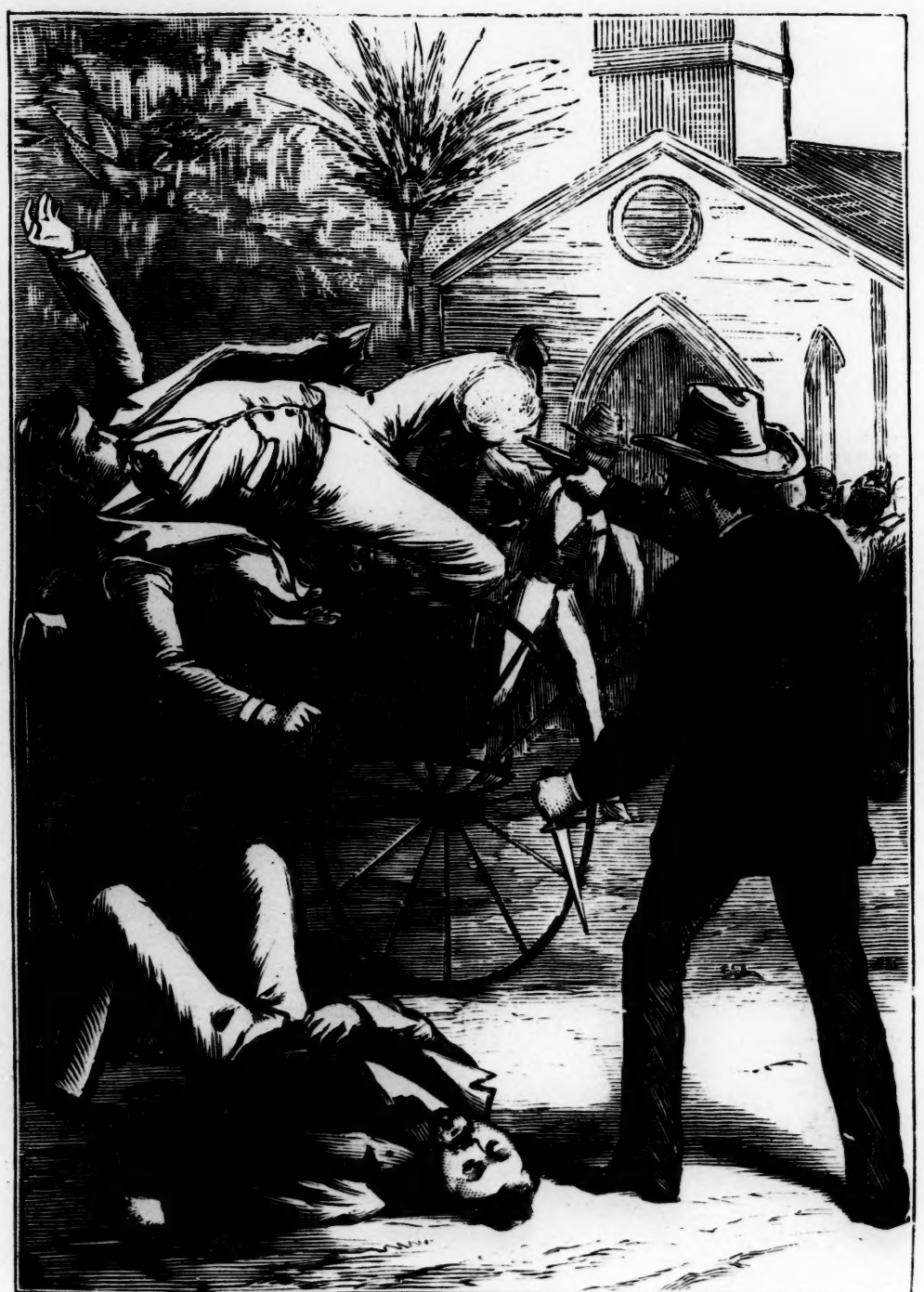


CHARLES A. LIBBY,
WHOSE STRANGE DISAPPEARANCE CAUSED HIS
WIFE VIRGINIA TO COMMIT SUICIDE IN
CHICAGO, ILL., RECENTLY.



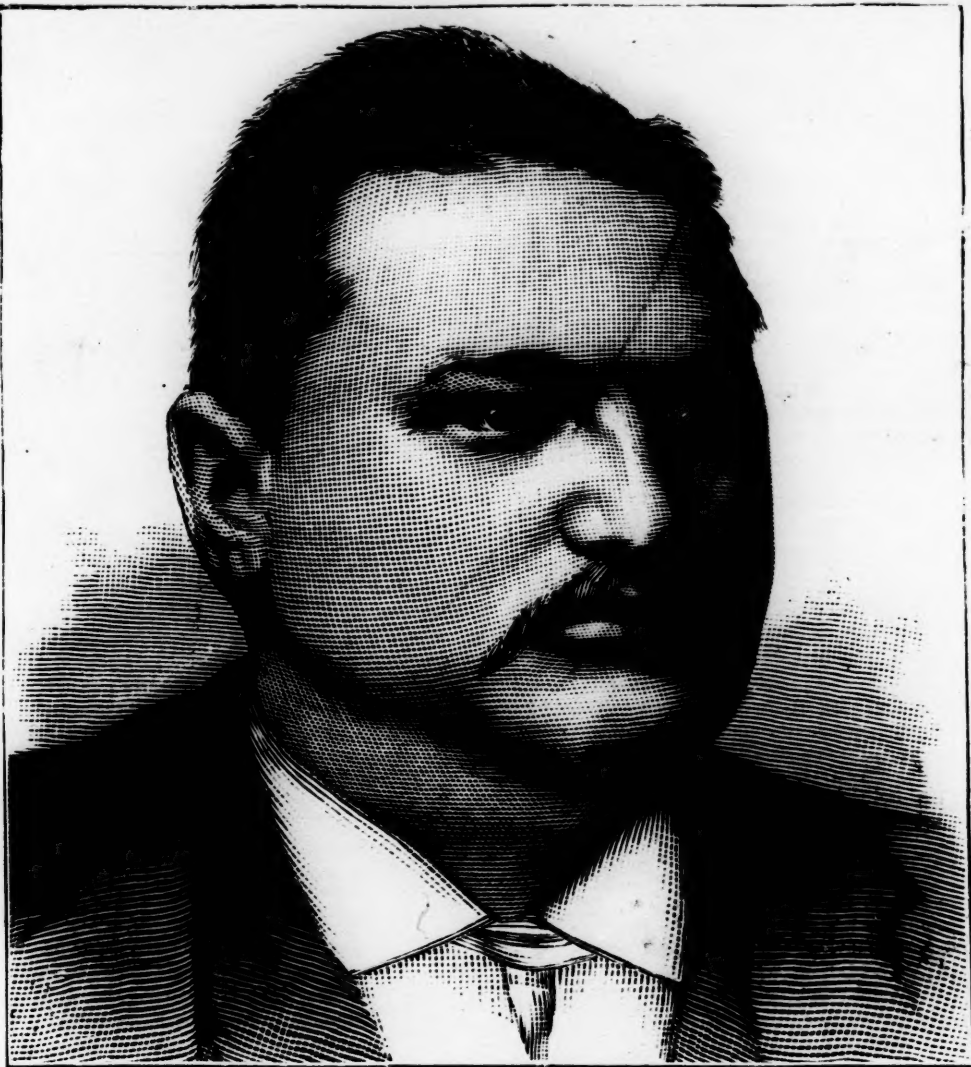
LYNCHING AN F. F. V.

HARISTON TERRY IS HANGED BY A LIBERTY, VIRGINIA, M.B. FOR KILLING T. A. JETER ON
ACCOUNT OF A FANGLED INSULT.



KILLED AT THE CHURCH DOOR.

A FAMILY FEUD IN MADISON, FLORIDA, RESULTS IN A GENERAL FURILLADE AND
THREE DEATHS.



C. C. REEVES,

THE JOVIAL AND EXCEPTIONALLY HEALTHY YOUNG TREASURER OF NIBLO'S GARDEN THEATRE.



ALICE HARRISON,

THE CHARMING AND VIVACIOUS YOUNG LADY WHO IS THE REPRESENTATIVE AMERICAN SOUBRETTE.



WILLIAM SCOTT,

AN AGED JEALOUS HUSBAND WHO MURDERED HIS WIFE AT MANCHESTER, NEAR CANANDAIGUA, N. Y.



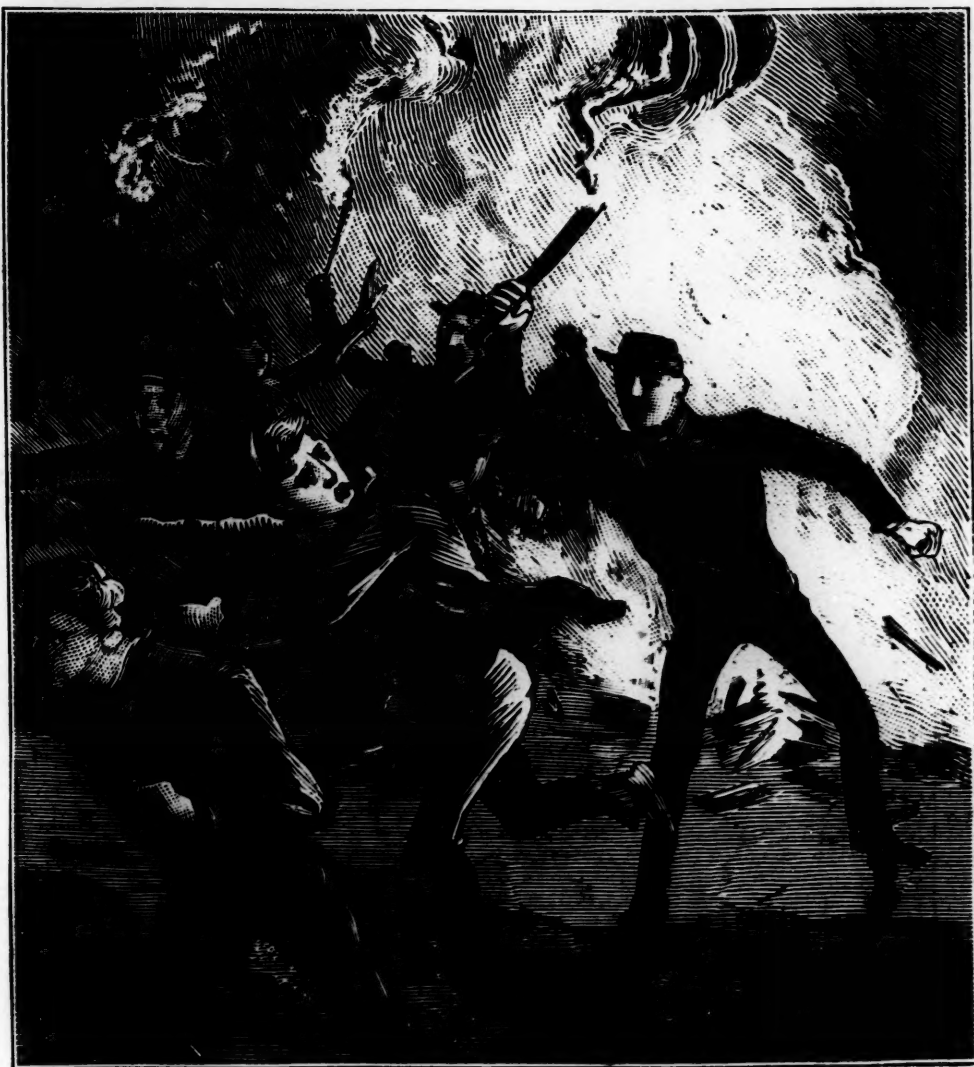
JOHN, ALIAS "CLUTCH," DONAHUE,

A MOST EXPERT BANK BURGLAR, NOW IN CANADA, WANTED IN THE UNITED STATES FOR SOME DARING JOBS.

John, alias "Clutch," Donahue.

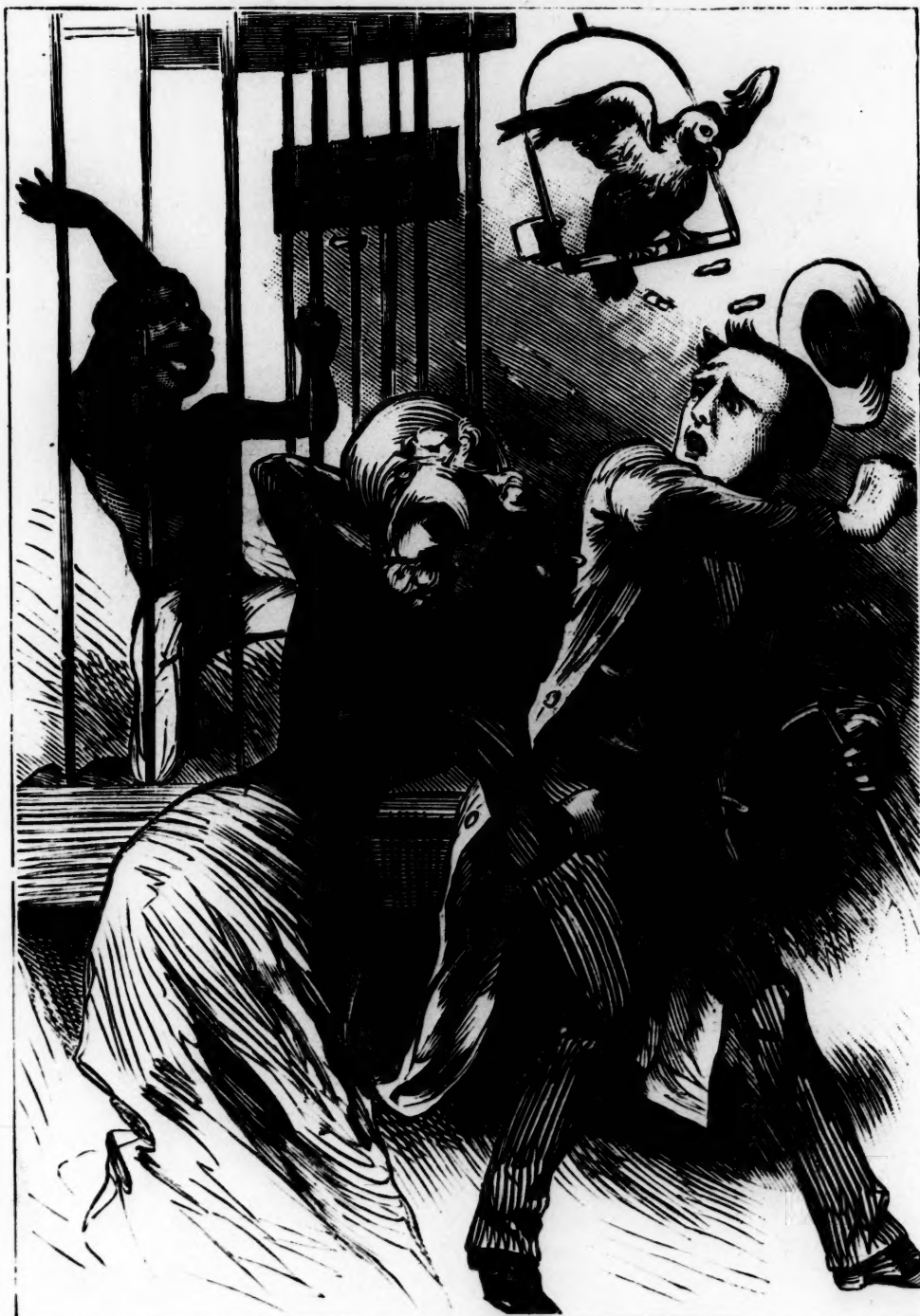
This most notorious bank burglar is wanted on this side of the Canada line for many daring jobs, in which he is one of the principals. He is said to have been doing the Canadians up in the most artistic style for some time past. Warrants have been issued for his arrest in connection with the case of A. J. Rayner, a proprietor of one of the largest news depots in

Buffalo. The police of that city recently arrested Rayner and discovered \$8,000 worth of watches and jewelry in his place. It seems he has been a regular "fence" for a gang of thieves in the vicinity of Buffalo. The police have been working hard on this case for some time. They notified some of the jewelers of Galt, Hamilton, Toronto, and other places across the line to come to Buffalo. On their arrival they identified some property stolen three years ago.



RAIDED BY ROUGHS.

EASTHAMPTON, MASS., STUDENTS HAVE A BONFIRE FATTLE WITH BOWDIES.



AN OFFENSIVE FREAK.

THE UNPLEASANT RESULT OF A YOUNG LADY'S VISIT TO A BOWEY DIME MUSEUM.

THIS WICKED WORLD.

A Few Samples of Man's Duplicity and Woman's Worse than Weakness.

A SWELL DIVORCE CASE.

Eugene N. Belt, an aged merchant of Baltimore, has filed his answer to the divorce suit recently entered by his wife, Mary Alice Belt. He admits his marriage to her on Oct. 15, 1881, in Morristown, N. J., and also that he left her on Jan. 31 last, and has since refused to



MRS. BELT.

live with her, but denies being guilty of any vicious conduct or unkind treatment. He avers that he met her at a seaside resort, among people of character and respectability, and never imagined that she was other than a pure and virtuous woman.

The answer goes on to relate how he discovered the fact of his wife's connection with the famous scandal in which Congressman Acklen of New Orleans figured so prominently, and how, on investigation, he learned that the complainant, before her marriage with him, had led a life of infamy, and that he had been made the victim of an abandoned adventurer. Mrs. Belt called on him and demanded admission to his home early in February last, and the next day he was sur-



MR. BELT.

prised to learn that she had become violently insane, and was confined in an asylum at Morris Plains, N. J. Mr. Belt further avers that since his separation from his wife he has discovered that the Acklen case was but a small part of the scandalous conduct complainant had been guilty of before marriage, and that he was about to institute divorce proceedings when served with process in this suit.

HE FLED ON HIS WEDDING DAY.

The gossips of Salisbury, Md., were furnished food by the disappearance of Mr. Marion Kent, who was to have been married to the widow of the late James White. Kent had been paying her many attentions. When the announcement of their approaching marriage had been made, the bride-elect had procured her trousseau, and was about to issue invitations for the ceremony, which was to have taken place May 14. Kent called upon his affianced on Wednesday night; on the following morning he was so tardy in appearing at his place of business that one of the firm went to his room, but he was gone. Inquiry elicited the fact that young Kent had taken a midnight express to the North. When Mrs. White was told of the faithlessness of her lover, she fainted and only revived to give vent to copious tears. She is a very handsome woman and about twenty-seven years old. Kent left a note saying that he was not prepared to fulfill his marriage vows.

A LOVE-SICK SPANIARD KILLS HIMSELF.

An inquest was held in Philadelphia, May 5, in the case of Genaro G. Guerro, a Spaniard who died from the effect of a gunshot wound inflicted by his own hand in the post-office on Saturday last. Guerro came from Cuba two years ago and engaged in the wholesale tobacco trade. A year ago he became infatuated with a young woman upon whom he lavished his money in a prodigal manner. He met with business reverses a little later and the woman left him. His appeals for her to return were unavailing and he then attempted to kill her, but two shots fired by him missed their mark. He then shot himself, but recovered. Guerro made another attempt at a reconciliation, but was not successful, and he then shot himself through the right temple.

TRAGEDY AT THE NEW ORLEANS EXPOSITION.

About 4 o'clock on the afternoon of May 16 Rodolpho Rodriguez, fourth cornet-player in the Mexican Band, was shot four times and fatally wounded by John C. Golding, an Exposition gatekeeper at the New Orleans Exposition. The shooting occurred just

outside the entrance to the Exposition grounds, near the gate and close to the Mexican barracks. It grew out of attentions paid by the Mexican to Golding's daughter, employed in one of the booths at the Exposition. It transpires that the girl had absented herself from home, and when questioned on the subject made a confession involving the Mexican. Thereupon the father, after satisfying himself of the identity of the Mexican by questioning him, demanded reparation. This being refused, Golding opened fire, shooting five times in all. Four of the bullets took effect in the Mexican's arm, neck, back and chest. Rodriguez is about nineteen years old, the girl about seventeen and very pretty.

A CASE OF BABY FARMING.

A case of baby farming has just been reported to Mayor Beamish, of Scranton, Pa., and some sensational developments are expected. By the merest accident it was ascertained that a male child who had been placed in possession of "Mother" Eisenman, an old hag living in a suburb of Scranton, known as Petersburg, was dying of neglect. The Mayor procured a carriage and detailed Officers Gerlitz and Ryan to investigate the case. The officers, on visiting "Mother" Eisenman's den, found it in a miserable condition. The old woman was bedridden and the child was filthy and covered with sores. At first Mrs. Eisenman protested savagely against the interference of the officers, but seeing that her protestations were useless she calmed down and told the story of the little wail that had been placed in her care several months ago. She said that the child was brought to her one night by a handsomely dressed young woman, who came in a carriage and left a purse of money with the little one. The child was richly dressed, and before parting with it the young woman kissed it frequently and shed bitter tears. She then begged Mrs. Eisenman to take good care of it and promised to pay her \$12 a month for her trouble. Mrs. Eisenman said she took excellent care of the child until she was prostrated by sickness and unable to do anything more. She refused to tell the name of the young woman who left the child, saying she did not know it. The baby was taken from Mrs. Eisenman and admitted to the Home for the Friendless, where, with proper care, it may possibly recover. It is thought likely that the mother may come forward to claim the little one and make known its paternity.

SHOCKING IMMORALITY.

The Boston Globe has published an article in which very serious charges are made against several officers of the State Board of Health, Lunacy and Charity, the most important commission in the Commonwealth. The story is brief as follows:

A few weeks ago one of the sub-officers of the Board of Health, Lunacy and Charity was complained of for having grossly abused his trust. At a meeting of the Board, about three weeks ago, he was called before that body and found to have laid himself liable to suspension. Incidentally in connection with this examination facts were elicited from other employees which show that shockingly immoral practices have obtained in the Department of the Board of Health, Lunacy and Charity, and more than justify the worst suspicions entertained by various members of the Board.

A gentleman familiar with the revelations of the last meeting of the Board says:—"I do not care to tell and no paper can publish the testimony given at the last meeting of the Board. Only those who were present and listened to the confessions of officers employed by the Board could believe that such inhuman practices could have gone on in any civilized community. The Board has been engaged in investigating another matter, and at the suggestion of one of the members certain employees were called in to give testimony concerning that matter. After the chairman had examined the first witness a member began to question him concerning certain rumors which had from time to time been brought to the ears of the Commissioners. To make a long story short the witness confessed, implicating not only himself but one of the most prominent officers who has been in the employ of the State, in practices of the most shocking character. Two other witnesses, also employees of the Board, were called in, and after some questioning likewise confessed to having been guilty of the same practices. I believe the chairman, Charles F. Donnelly, will admit that I have stated what occurred as mildly and charitably as possible. I believe Mr. Fallon, of Lawrence, Dr. H. P. Wileott, of Cambridge, and Dr. Dean, of Brockton, were present at that meeting also, and, perhaps, other members.

"The employees who acknowledged their participation in the practices were put under oath by a prominent member of the Board at the conclusion of their testimony never to reveal to any one outside what they had confessed."

GLADSTONE AND LAURA B.

Count Paul Vassil, who has been relating the alleged love affairs of prominent Englishmen for the delectation of the readers of *La Nouvelle Revue*, of Paris, has had the daring to connect the name of the English Premier with a lady who figures in the story under the name of Laura B.

If he had attributed an affair of the heart to Susan B. Anthony or to Dr. Mary Walker the gossiping Count could not have given a greater shock to Americans than the mention of Mr. Gladstone in the role of Romeo must be to millions of Englishmen.

"Who is Laura B?" a traveled gentleman was asked the other day.

The answer was a smile, as if in answer to him who should say "Who was George Washington?" Then he pulled a gray mustache, as if to remind himself that matters over a quarter of a century old might not be the commonplace chat of young men of twenty.

"Laura Bell," he at length replied, "first made her appearance in Dublin some thirty-three years back. Her extraordinary beauty and extreme youth, as well as her daring horsemanship, raised a furor. The Bench, the Bar, the Army all contributed admirers to the celebrated beauty, who was a central attraction at concerts, flower-shows and reviews. She subsequently visited the chief capitals of Europe, where she won scores of hearts.

"Perhaps the most remarkable and certainly the most romantic episode in her career was when she made captive the heart of the Indian Prince Scindia, when that great Maharratta feudal chief visited England. On the eve of his return to India he tried in vain to induce her to return with him as his bride. Failing utterly—for Laura Bell loved her Europe too well—Scindia presented her with a magnificent diamond ring, and told her that whenever she required a favor from him she had only to send him that souvenir and whatever she demanded he would grant.

"Shortly after the terrible mutiny that flooded India with blood broke out, and at an eventful crisis in that

struggle, when the scales of victory trembled in the balance, and the English were driven to the last extremity to maintain their robber hold upon the country, Laura Bell, at the instance of Mr. Gladstone, who had heard of the extraordinary promise, returned the ring to the Indian potentate with a message that she wished him to take sides with the English.

"It is told that the proud heart of the Maharratta soldier was stung with sorrow when the token and message reached him, for he had resolved to take side with his countrymen, but he kept his word. The ablest General among the princes of India enlisted his gallant army in the ranks of his country's oppressors. Now, isn't that romantic enough? And it was not discreditable to Gladstone, was it?"

"Tired of her conquests, however, Laura married a man who was closely connected with distinguished English families and the fortunate possessor of \$200,000 a year. She became very pious and devoted herself to expounding the gospels in the slums of London.

"Some years back a paragraph in the *Court Journal* called society's attention to an announcement that the presentation at Court of Mrs. P.—had been canceled by order of the Queen. It is unnecessary to give the full name, but many knew that she was the Laura Bell of other days."

LYNCHING AN F. V.

[Subject of Illustration.]

On May 16, Hariston Terry, a well-known young resident of Liberty, Va., shot and killed T. A. Jeter, a highly esteemed citizen of the same town, for naming a dog after Terry's sister. Terry was at once arrested and jailed.

About 2:30 o'clock on the morning of May 18, a band of mounted men rode up to the Bedford jail in Liberty, and one of the number knocked at the front door. The jailer asked who was there, and the party said they had a prisoner to put in. The door was opened, and the leader, a large man, masked, presented a pistol to the head of the keeper, Kirkwood Bell, demanding the keys. He told them he did not have them, but when asked if they were in his room answered yes. They procured the keys and then demanded that he should show them the cell where Terry was confined, but Bell refused. They found out by searching the jail, and without any fuss or alarm of any kind brought Terry out without coat or hat, put him on one of the horses, filed out from the jail and down Main street. Just outside of the corporate limits and south of the town they hanged him to an apple tree on an embankment by the side of the main road, and his body was found swinging there next morning. The jailer and his assistant guard gave the alarm as soon as possible, but it was too late. The mob were not fifteen minutes in entering the jail and taking the unfortunate man away. Not a word was spoken by any of the party except those who went into the jail. Terry, it is believed, was gagged, as he was not heard to speak at all. It is supposed that the party came from the country and probably from that part where Jeter was born and brought up.

Terry evidently expected something of the kind, as he sat to know, Saturday evening, if there was any danger. Terry said to a friend, after the shooting, that he expected he would be sent up for twenty years or they would swing him, and that he believed he preferred the latter. When asked by his sister if he had anything against Jeter he said no, that he loved him. When asked why he shot him he said he could not help it.

The body of Terry was cut down by the coroner after sunrise in the presence of the jury. The rope used to hang Terry was the one which belonged to the Jeter warehouse well, part of which had been unraveled, and with which his hands and feet were tied. It is supposed there were some ninety or a hundred men in all, but only forty or fifty were in the party that went to jail to take him out. They were all well armed and prepared to accomplish their designs. None of the lynching party were recognized. All were masked by tying a handkerchief over the face. As they came from the neighborhood of Jeter's old home, it is thought pretty certain that some of his many relatives were in the crowd. It is said the men declared that too many murderers had escaped of late on the plea of insanity.

The name of the dog over which so much blood has been spilled is Lestie.

THE SAD SEQUEL OF A "MISSING MAN" PARAGRAPH.

[With Portrait.]

We publish elsewhere a portrait of Charles A. Libby, of Chicago, whose mysterious disappearance has been a source of anxiety to his friends for almost a month past, and caused his wife such deep grief that she committed suicide while temporarily insane. Charlie Libby was a New Yorker, who went to Chicago some five years ago to take charge of his brother's affairs in that city. He was about thirty-five years of age, and, being a jovial fellow, had many friends. Charles Libby disappeared on the 27th ult., but the fact of his disappearance was not made public until the 5th inst. He had considerable money with him when last seen, and at first his friends thought he had gone no further than the vicinity of Wabash avenue. It is now generally admitted that this theory is untrue, as his money would long since have given out in that neighborhood. Fears are entertained that he has been the victim of foul play. Mrs. Virginia W. Libby, the wife of the missing man, was deeply distressed at her husband's disappearance and the rumors circulated concerning it. She slept scarcely night or day for two weeks, but waited and watched patiently for his coming. She gradually fell into a settled melancholy, and at times acted as if reason were dethroned. On the 10th inst. she was prevailed upon to seek some repose, and, apparently consenting, retired to her room, and, taking a heavy dose of laudanum, which had been prescribed by her physician as a sedative, sank into a profound slumber, from which she never awoke. She was a tall, handsome woman of the blonde type and devotedly attached to her husband, to whom she had been married about five years.

FUNERAL BAKED MEATS.

[Subject of Illustration.]

Recently a Chinaman of wealth and standing died and was buried at Deming, N. M. In accordance with the usual Chinese custom a magnificent "feud" was set out in the grave-yard to which full justice was done by a horde of hungry tramps the moment the funeral cortege had disappeared.

Sent \$1.00 to this office and paper will be regularly mailed to your address for thirteen weeks.

LASSOING A LUNATIC.

How a Gallant Fireman Slipped a Noose Over the Head of a Crazy Machinist.

[Subject of Illustration.]

When the workmen at Aitken, Son & Co.'s straw-goods factory on the southwest corner of Thirtieth street and First avenue, N. Y., quit work at 4 o'clock on the afternoon of May 16, machinist Henry V. Whiting remained to look over the sewing-machines and see that everything was in order. He worked away at the machinery on the fifth floor until 5 o'clock. Then he lifted up the sash of the middle window next to the fire escape on the first avenue side and stepped out on the six-inch stone window-sill and looked down on the pavement. He shut the sash and balanced himself by hooking one finger in the runway of the upper sash.

He was sixty feet above the ground. Every person who saw him stopped and stared, and people whispered to each other that he was crazy and was going to jump. Somebody hurried and got a big wicker-work basket, filled it with straw, and put it under the window to catch him if he did jump. Whiting glanced down at the basket, but did not jump.

While he stood on the narrow ledge and pondered, Fireman James Monaghan and John G. Grady, of Truck 7, and Chief John S. Fisher and several policemen hurried to the corner, where the crowd increased to thousands, as workmen on their way home arrived and saw the hairless, tall, black-mustached man, in his working clothes, standing on the six-inch ledge and deliberating. He seemed to be wrapped in thought, pondering whether he should jump or not.

The firemen were afraid to run up a ladder lest Whiting might try to avoid them by climbing to another window and miss his footing. Fireman Monaghan climbed up the fire escape to the roof with a lasso, and Capt. George Cusick, Chief Fisher, and Fireman Grady went up stairs to try and grab Whiting from within.

"I'm going to jump," said Whiting, when Chief Fisher poked his head out of the window next him.

"That won't do any good," said Fisher. "You can't kill yourself that way. You'll only fall in the basket and break your leg or something. No fun in that."

They tried to open his window to grab him, but Whiting put his foot on the lower frame of the sash and held the upper one with his hands. It was a miracle he did not fall, and if they had forced the sash they would have upset him.

Fireman Monaghan dropped his slip-noose over the eaves and let it down over Whiting's head. It was just being tightened when Whiting grabbed the rope. "No, you don't catch me," he said. "I don't want to go back to Morristown."

He put the noose off his neck and held on to it with one hand. Monaghan made the rope fast to a chimney and came down stairs to the fifth floor. He leaned out the window next to Whiting's and tried to reach him, but Whiting receded to the other side of his window ledge.

By this time the crowd had swelled until it blocked the street. Drivers stopped their cars awhile to gratify the curiosity of themselves and their passengers.

Chief Fisher had his plan, and while the firemen were talking to distract Whiting's attention he had the casing of Whiting's window taken out and the pulley-cord of the sashes cut, so that the sashes would come out easily. Then, at a signal, the window was noiselessly taken out, and three firemen grabbed Whiting by the legs and yanked him in. A tremendous yell rose from the street at his disappearance.

"Don't hurt me," Whiting said plaintively to his captors. "I'll go with you."

He was taken to the Thirty-fifth street station-house. Everybody wondered how he had managed to keep his balance on the window sill. The firemen who got out on the side windows had to be held by others inside, but Whiting balanced and turned and walked unconsciously and easily on the window-sill, which was not wide enough for him to put his shoes side by side on.

C. ACHILLE ONOFRI.

[With Portrait.]

At an inquest on the body of Lottie Cooke Onofri, aged nine years, the story of her cruel death was told under oath. Her stepfather, the Italian, C. Achille Onofri, who is accused of killing her, was present as a prisoner. The coroner's physician testified that her veins were almost empty, and that the child had literally been starved and beaten to death. Other witnesses testified that on Monday Onofri flogged little Lottie nearly all day, using a thick rope, a heavy strap, and a shovel, the handle of the latter being broken on her head or body. He also tied her hand and foot and compelled her to kneel for hours. At night she crawled up stairs to bed, and because she moaned and complained of her back, Onofri beat her again with the shovel. It was shown that after lying quiet awhile the dying child again began to moan, when the stepfather put a pillow over her head and sat upon it. When released, the child, as her little sister Mabel said, "laid very quiet." Onofri then struck her twice in the face with his fist, and, although she did not stir, struck her again with the shovel. Then, becoming alarmed at the increasing pallor upon her little face, he sent for a doctor. When the physician arrived the child was in Onofri's arms, dead.

The jury arrived at a verdict immediately, in which they found that the child, Lottie Cooke, came to her death from shock, hemorrhage, and bleeding of wounds received at the hands of her stepfather, and recommended that the District Attorney be enjoined to bring the case to a speedy trial.

A PLEASANT PUNISHMENT.

[Subject of Illustration.]

Eighty weavers, lately employed at the Ammidown Woolen Mill at Passaic, N. J., are on a strike. The other morning, when they neared the mill to see if they would be taken on again at their terms, they were warned off by a foreman, who had been sent to caution them against venturing on the company's property. He was quickly and quietly surrounded by forty or fifty of the girls, and, when he turned to enter the mill again, found himself hemmed completely in by a crowd of laughing, merry girls, who began calling him "pet names," entreating him to stay, and in fact preventing him from moving. In vain he protested that he would be late; they kept him in his novel and not altogether unpleasant captivity for half an hour before they would release him, and when he at last scampered off into the mill he was followed by a hearty round of cheers.

BASEBALL.

The Merry Men who Decorate the Diamond Field--Their Sayings and Their Doings Frankly and Fairly Set Forth.



Robert Ferguson, who is unquestionably the finest umpire in the baseball arena, is an old professional ball-player of considerable notoriety. Mr. Ferguson was born in Brooklyn, where he has spent the greater portion of his life. This popular player first attracted public attention in 1860, while playing with the amateur Frontier Club, of Brooklyn. He remained with the Frontiers until 1863, when he joined the famous senior Enterprise Club, of Brooklyn, with whom he remained until 1866, when he was induced to join forces with the champion Atlantics. Ferguson was one of the bright stars of the old "champs" up until they disbanded in the fall of 1870. He played with the Mutuals in 1871 and in 1872 reorganized the Atlantics and managed the team until 1875, when he accepted the position of captain and manager of the Hartford Club. The Hartfords were one of the original formers of the National League in 1876, and in 1877, after the Mutuals disbanded, Mr. Ferguson brought the Hartford Club to Brooklyn, where they finished the season. Mr. Ferguson managed and captained the Chicago Club in 1878, the Springfield Club in 1879, the Troy League Club in 1880, 1881 and 1882, the Philadelphia Club in 1883, and the Alleghenys, of Pittsburgh, for a couple of months in 1884, prior to his withdrawing from active duty, in order to accept the position of League umpire. Mr. Ferguson has brought out more young players than any other manager in the baseball arena.

The old gentleman's head-light is becoming more prominent every day.

Reccius is showing up in good shape on the third bag for the Louisvilles.

Richardson, of the Buffalos, is hitting the ball for all that it is worth this season.

Four errors in one game was all it required for the Toledos to drop Rainey like a hot potato.

The people in Jersey City are beginning to wonder if their representative club will ever win another game.

Old "more up" Joe is playing great ball this season and is something of a favorite with the New York public.

Shaw taught the Bostons a good lesson, and in the future Boston will let the black-listed men pay their own fines.

The people are anxiously looking for the "only Nolan" to make his appearance in the box for the Philadelphia.

The Bostons deny having tried to secure Evans, but at the same time they are kicking themselves because they have not got him.

Tommy Esterbrook has struck great graft this season, as the New Yorks think he is the only man who knows how to handle a ball.

If the St. Louis Americans are stayers they will make the championship race-course a stony road for more than one of the clubs to travel.

Cushman promises to be to the Athletics what young Josephs was to Boston a few years ago--an exploded phenomenon.—*Boston Herald.*

Rain has only knocked the League out of fourteen spring championship games, any one of which is worth two games later in the season.

The Mansell Brothers, though virtually dead for League and American Association service, are showing up in fine form with the Albany Club.

It now begins to look as though Mutrie knew what he was talking about last winter when he said he had the championship sewed up in his pocket.

There is almost a daily increase in the interest taken in baseball throughout the country, and it keeps on it will be as bad as the roller-skating craze.

Farrell is getting well with blood in his eye, and he anticipates making sad havoc of the League pitchers when he resumes his old position in the Detroit nine.

If the Brooklyn people do not set upon the Brooklyn Club, the latter will make a mint of money out of their Sunday games at Coney Island during the coming season.

The Louisvilles have got a valuable man in Baker, and if the club ever gets stranded while abroad, his musical voice is a guarantee for their meals on their weary march homeward.

The St. Louis Club has won its first game of its series with Chicago, Detroit, Boston and Provi-

dence, but the New Yorks are determined to stop their sport when they strike this city.

Billie Barnie, who is now shooting off his mouth so freely for "war," is about the first man that would beg for mercy were the League to take up the gauntlet and let him have a little "war."

Daily can pitch daily without tiring, and Harry Wright says he can pitch Daily weekly if he feels like it, but that if he gets Hugh Daily he will keep the clubs guessing which Daily will pitch daily.

The Milwaukeees have two pitchers in the hospital and if they don't give their pitchers more support than they have been doing this year they will have twenty-two in the hospital before the close of the season.

The "Indians" are a queer lot of jiggers. Last year they guarded the head, but this year the tall seems to suit them better, and the Athletics will have to do some pretty hard fighting in order to run them out.

Fennelly, whom Brooklyn thought was no good for their club in 1884 and consequently let him go, took kindly to Begley's delivery in the Cincinnati-Metropolitan game of May 13, and made two clean home-runs.

Cushman is pretty nearly as bad as Decker, and this is the very worst thing that can be said about him, as Decker don't know a run from an out, a ball from a strike, a base hit from an error, or even a fly catch from a home-run.

The Detroit people are beginning to squeal because their boys are not winning any games in the East. Mushroom clubs, however, do not often perform miracles, and if their boys win another game this season they ought to feel satisfied.

The Chicagos were the worst broken-up ball-players that ever played in New York city when the New Yorks knocked them out May 16. They went all to pieces the moment the New Yorks got ahead and Anson could not rally them even with a sugar tit.

The Brooklyn Club are doing giant work, but somehow they are not winning the championship as fast as President Byrne had thought they would do when he made his famous Cleveland deal, or he would more than likely left nine-tenths of them stranded in Cleveland.

The Louisville people are by no means anxious to see their club win the championship this season as the ex-champions and the present champions are the two lowest clubs in the race. They prefer holding a good position all the time to being on top one year and at the bottom the next.

Between Boston and Providence the St. Louis Club has a rattling fine team, as the Bostons think they have a staving good infield, which the Providence Club, who can hit the ball a little harder than the Bostons, think they have a bang-up outfield, and both think they are a corking lot of batters.

The mushroom baseball club, of Dayton, Ohio, like all the other early spring plants placed in that town, has withered as rapidly as it came into existence. It had hardly secured a place in the Interstate Association until the concern collapsed, and the vacancy had to be filled by the Sandusky Club.

The maniacs in Hanover went fairly wild on the reception of the news of the Dartmouth victory over Amherst, in the first intercollegiate championship match. Bells were rung, guns fired, and a large procession of students, led by a brass band, paraded the town, and a big bonfire was made on the campus.

President Boner, of the Metropolitan Club, feeling that he could not afford to have his good name associated with such base, unscrupulous men as are at the head of the American Association, has tendered his resignation as President of the Metropolitan Club, the shamefully treated member of the American Association.

It broke poor Radburne's heart to see the glowing reception Sweeney received in Providence. He was fairly green with envy, and could not pitch the ball even a little bit, while it would be a hard matter for Sweeney to show off to a better advantage. Even Root was sorry that he had to lead to Radburne and sacrificed Sweeney.

Andrews told Harry Wright that he was lame and asked for his release on the grounds that he was of no further use to the Philadelphia. Manager Wright thought it very noble on the part of Andrews to be willing, under the circumstances, to retire from the pay-roll, but at the same time he considered the excuse quite as lame as Andrews.

The style in which Billie Barnie has been rattling his jawbones in the West about the American Association showing fight is highly amusing, and reminds one of the buzzing of a fly before it gets entangled in a spider-web. Barnie was rather previous in approaching the Metropolitan players, and probably he imagines he hides his guilt by shouting stop thief.

Dicker is beyond the shadow of a doubt the worst specimen of humanity that has ever stood before the New York public. He don't know a ball from a strike, and he imagines that everything ought to be given to the Providence Club. When the spectators hiss him he mistakes it for applause, and, if anything, makes his decisions more hideous than they were before.

The fraternal feeling that exists between the sporting editors of the Cincinnati *Commercial Gazette* and St. Louis *Republican* comes to the surface occasionally. Here is what the *Republican* man caresses Caylor with in return for calling him a cur: "Caylor says he had the freedom of the city during his recent visit to St. Louis. Yes, the dog-catchers had not commenced work."—*Detroit Free Press.*

A Providence paper refers to a member of the Boston Club as "Charley" Burdock. The Providence scribes will be better acquainted with the Boston team before the close of the season.—*Boston Herald.* From the style in which the Boston Club has been playing this season, it strikes us that even the bummiest clubs in the League will be pretty well acquainted with them before the close of the season.

Some people are hogish and want the earth, but the modest baseball reporters of Louisville only want a large blackboard placed on the grounds showing the patrons the result of each inning, so that the reporters won't be bored to death telling the newcomers the score, as is the case with the reporters at the Polo Grounds in New York city. This is not a hint at the New York management, but is only telling how things are in Louisville.

Frank Mountain, the famous pitcher of the Columbus Club, now with the Pittsburgs, has sulphur enough in his blood to give him the horrors of the other place, and if he has his way about it, his residence will never be changed. He took the doctor's advice and rubbed his lame shoulder with salt and sulphur. This broke the skin and the sulphur impregnated his blood and brought on blood-poisoning, from which he is willing to pay \$500 to be freed.

Now that the League Standing Conference Committee has refused to meet the American Association Committee, on the ground that there is no necessity for such a meeting, Simmons, of Philadelphia, and Barnie, of Baltimore, are talking in a very blood-thirsty manner about "war to the knife," etc. It is to be hoped, for the sake of the perpetuity of the national game, that there will be no war, but if one comes, those gentlemen will probably get all they want.—*Boston Herald.*

Some baseball scribes are liable to get things pretty badly mixed, and such was the case with the Buffalo man, who says: "The Metropolitan Club has paid the fine of \$5,000 imposed for allowing Esterbrook and Keefe to be transferred to the New York League Club." He has only made the amount \$4,500 too much, but a little mistake of this sort is of no account, as the American Association people are kicking each other full of holes for not having made the fine \$5,000 instead of \$500.

During the spring exhibition all the League and American Association clubs who visited Washington, spoke of the terrible deal they received from the umpire. It was just like playing against eighteen men, as the umpire was a whole team in himself. The Washington people got used to this wholesale robbery, and when the Eastern League championship season opened, and the Virginia of Richmond defeated the Nationals under the decisions of an honest official umpire, the poor fellow was stoned by the hoodlums and hissed by the better classes.

The American Association officials were completely dumfounded at the announcement of the Metropolitan Exhibition Company having paid the \$500 fine. They knew that it was unjust and nothing more than a clear case of barefaced robbery. The fine was not imposed with the slightest idea of its ever being paid, but this outrageous amount was named with a view that it would not be paid, and as the association had no possible grounds for expelling the Metropolitan, they thought that this fine would be about the easiest way to get rid of them. In order that the valuable players in the Metropolitan Club would be thrown upon the market and they could gobble them all up.

HORRIBLE INHUMANITY.

An Eight-Year-Old Girl Almost Beaten to Death by Her Adopted Mother.

[With Portrait.]

Isaac Hendricks and his wife live in New Brunswick, N. J. The pair have no children, and as far as can be ascertained, Hendricks is a hard-working blacksmith. The couple some time since adopted a child from the Union School, Philadelphia. For some time past the neighbors have heard sounds as if some one was being beaten. The matter was finally brought to the attention of Justice Lefferts, who in company with the chief of police and a reporter visited the house. In a small bedroom in the rear of the house, which was handsomely furnished, lying in bed, with her head swathed in bandages, was an eight-year-old girl. When the chief of police bent over the bed to ask the child questions, it was found that her right eye was blackened and badly swollen. The child's clothes were removed, and her stomach and legs were found to be covered with bruises, all of them in various stages of discoloration. The head was also bruised and discolored. To the questions of the chief she said: "I beat my head because I was tied."

The child went on to say that on Monday night she was tied all night to the door-handle of the room. Altogether, she thought, from twelve to thirteen hours were passed in this manner.

The woman was then interrogated and admitted having beaten her, declaring that the child was vicious.

Dr. Van Marter, who was called in attendance upon the child, said: "This is one of the most inhuman cases of brutality I have ever seen. There is great danger of the child dying. The top of the child's head is a literal pulp, and she is covered with bruises from head to foot. The woman Hendricks admitted to me that she beat the child."

The injured child was sent to the City Hospital by Dr. Williamson, who says she is likely to die, as her head has been beaten in.

Dr. Rice, County Physician, made a further examination of the child at the City Hospital and finds that an unmentionable outrage has been committed on her with a hot poker. The woman Hendricks has been committed to jail.

SCHOOL-GIRL MASHERS.

[Subject of Illustration.]

The police authorities of many of our large cities have found it necessary to organize a movement toward suppressing the school-girl masher nuisance. Every popular female seminary is haunted at recess by a lot of insolent and brainless puppies akin to those depicted on our front page, and the most severe measures have to be taken to keep the offenders in check.

AN OFFENSIVE FREAK.

[Subject of Illustration.]

Elsewhere we publish a sketch of a scene which recently occurred in a Bowery dime museum. A young lady was insulted by a wild man from somewhere or another, who threw peanuts at her and otherwise annoyed her. When arrested he turned out to be a Thompson street colored gentleman.

ALICE HARRISON.

[With Portrait.]

The soubrette of soubrettes on the American stage is Alice Harrison, whose portrait we print elsewhere. Her natural vivacity and her really comic genius have made her beyond competition in some lines of opera especially.

HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE.

DECIDED BENEFIT.

Dr. JOHN P. WHEELER, Hudson, N. Y., says: "I have given it with decided benefit in a case of imbecility of the brain, from abuse of alcohol."

IT WAS HIS WIFE'S BODY.

A French Workingman Arrested for Murder in New York City.

[Subject of Illustration.]

Officer McCormick, of the Twentieth precinct, stood about 2:30 o'clock on the morning of May 20 opposite No. 525 West Twenty-eighth street talking to Mr. Brown, who lives there. As they stood there they noticed a man walking on the other side of the street carrying a bag on his shoulder. With the remark, "That fellow has probably got the proceeds of a burglary in that bag," Officer McCormick crossed the street, and said to the man:

"What have you got in there?"

"I've got my wife," replied the man.

The answer staggered McCormick for a moment, but recovering himself, he examined the bag. It was a three-bushel seamless bag, and the mouth was covered with a towel made of cotton drill. The towel fell off and disclosed the head and feet of a woman.

"What are you going to do?" demanded the officer.

"I am going to throw her in the river," was the cool response.

He was ordered to carry the bag to the Twentieth precinct station, in West Thirty-seventh street, and he picked it up, taking a foot in each hand, the body resting on his back. He said that his name was Louis Francois, age 37, by occupation a marble polisher, and that he lived at No. 307 Tenth avenue.

He was locked up, and an hour later Coroner Messemmer arrived at the station. The body was still in the bag, and the coroner required the assistance of two officers to pull it out. It had been doubled up and packed in so tightly that the bag was stretched to its utmost capacity.

Around the neck was a white and red silk handkerchief tied in a hard knot. On the right side of the neck was a blue mark, as if this "knot" had been driven into the flesh. On the left side of the neck were the marks of finger-nails. The handkerchief looked as if a stick had been thrust through it and used as a tourniquet until strangulation resulted. The body was sent to the Morgue.

When Coroner Messemmer entered the cell occupied by Francois the latter was snoring loudly. He is about 5 feet 9 inches in height, and weighs about 140 pounds. He has bright red hair and a bristly mustache of the same hue. His eyes are sunken and his face thin. He wore a gray suit of working clothes and green cloth slippers.

In answer to questions Francois denied that he killed his wife. He found her dead, he affirmed, on entering his house. He put the body in the bag, he said, without assistance. The report that a sensational murder had been committed spread quickly through the Twentieth precinct, and at 7:30, when Francois left the station for the Jefferson Market Police Court, in charge of Officer McCormick, the street was lined with people. The appearance of the prisoner was a signal for a rush. The crowd numbered more than 500 persons, and more than half were women.

At the police court he was arraigned before Justice Welde. He informed the court that he couldn't speak English intelligibly and an interpreter was procured. Francois forgot himself occasionally and broke into English, which he speaks with a strong accent, but well. He told the following story:

"I went to cut dandelion at High Bridge yesterday. On my way back I found a dog (a Chinese dog). I thought I would take it and may be get a reward. I got home about 5 P. M. Myself and my wife had several plums of beer and we quarreled and I accused her of infidelity. I went out and slammed the door after me. I did not strike her then. On Easter Sunday I did strike her. I remained out until 7:30 o'clock. When I returned I found a man named William Welch there. He works with me in Fauchere's marble yard. My wife told me the dog ran out of the house and was lost. She came out and sat on my lap. I felt angry because there was no supper ready, but we kissed and were good friends.

"After awhile she quarreled and got off my lap and went to bed again, saying that the dog was lost and she was glad of it. She told me she liked men who bought wine. She said:

"I don't like you; I am going to leave you. Yes, I am going to live with Leopold Sacanville. He buys wine for me."

"I went out afterward with Welch, and we went down Twenty-eighth street, opposite a saloon, between Ninth and Tenth avenues. We talked about fifteen minutes. Welch went away and I went home. I did not find my wife. She must have gone out half dressed, with a handkerchief tied around her neck; she generally wore one. I found her pocket-book, with sixteen cents in it, which I took and went to a saloon at Twenty-eighth street and Ninth avenue. I stayed there half an hour; then I went home, and found my wife lying on the floor. I thought she had a fit, as she was subject to them. I tried to bring her to. I put her on the bed, and then found she was dead. I did not know what to do, and thought I would put her in a bag and throw her in the river. I thought that would be the best way to bury her. I think she may have hanged herself. I started out and met the officer."

Coroner Messemmer held an autopsy on the body of Mrs. Francois at the Morgue. It was his opinion that the woman had died of strangulation.

The rooms occupied by Francois and the murdered woman are three in number and are on the ground floor of a three-story tenement house which stands in the rear of No. 307 Tenth avenue. The rooms are plainly furnished, but everything in them was kept in good order. There was no evidence of a struggle visible.

Mrs. Francois was a dress and shirt-maker, and according to Mrs. John McBride, who lives on the second floor, was very industrious and spent much of her time in the house. Mrs. McBride said that Francois was in the habit of beating his wife mercilessly, and about six weeks ago he blackened both of her eyes and otherwise injured her so badly that she was compelled to go to bed. Two weeks ago he beat her again. On Tuesday night Mrs. Francois said to Mrs. McBride:

"I'm afraid of my life on account of losing the dog. Welch, who works at the marble yard of A. L. Fauchere & Co., No. 220 West Thirty-second street, said that he had called at Francois' house early in the evening. The latter and his wife had been quarreling, but the three drank some beer, after which Francois again quarreled with his wife, and threw some crockery at her. She responded by throwing a tin can at him. It was a family quarrel, Welch said. He and Francois left the house about 10 o'clock, he thought. They walked up Twenty-eighth street and stood talking for almost an hour. He thought of asking Francois to go home with him, as matters were not pleasant at No. 307 Tenth avenue, but desisted because Francois seemed to have forgotten all about the quarrel."

Leopold Sacanville, whose name is mentioned by Francois, is employed at Lynch's jewelry store, on Broadway, near Twenty-second street. His wife lives in England and he came to this country from London two years ago. He sleeps over Mrs. Lynch's store, and is said by the other employees to retire every night about 10 o'clock and to stick closely to work every day. He sent for his four children a short time ago, and is said to devote all his spare time to them and to be very fond of them. His wife is addicted to stimulants, and on this account he does not live with her. He denied that he had ever been in any way intimate with Mrs. Francois.



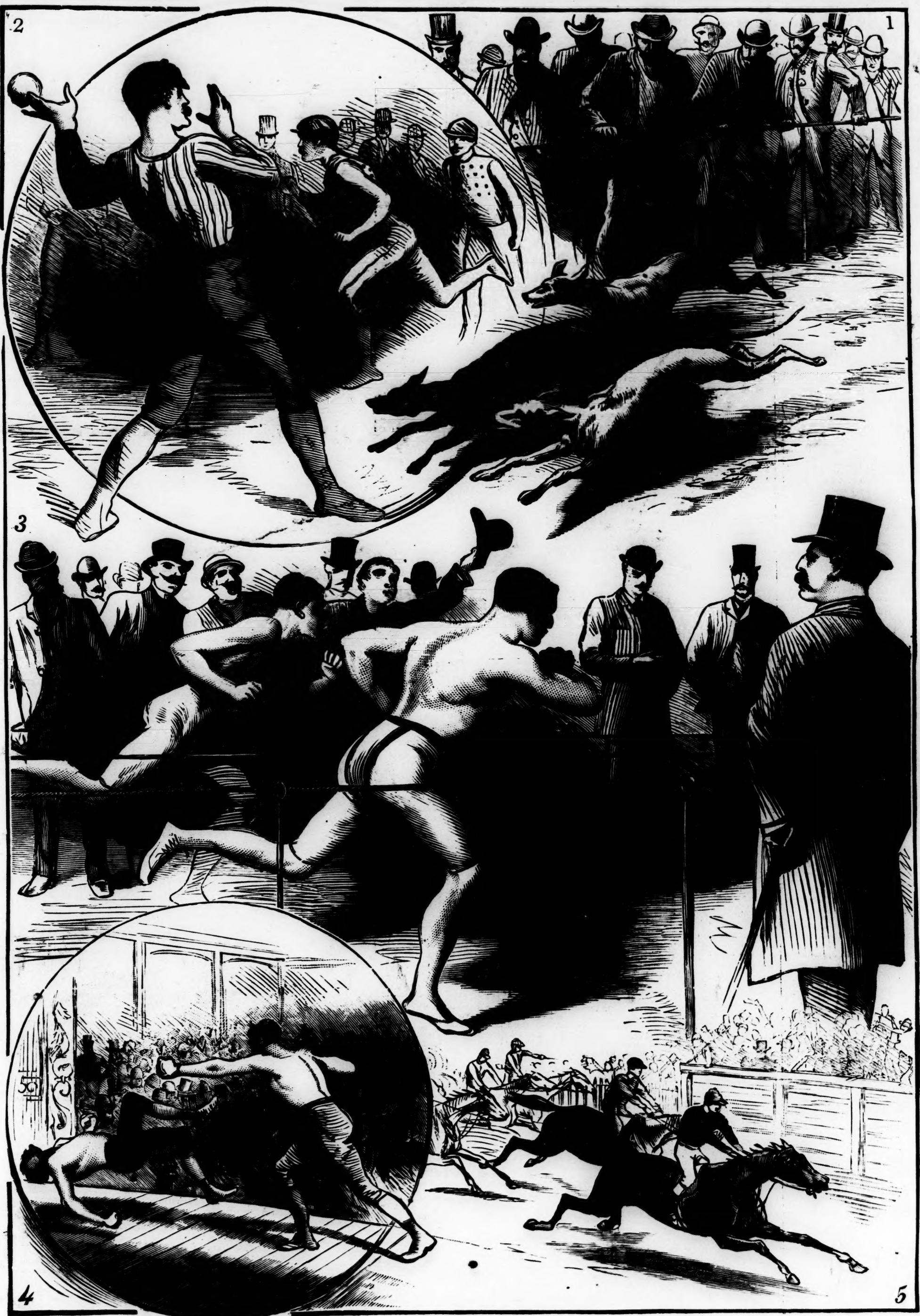
LASSOING A LUNATIC.

THE SKILLFUL FEAT OF A NEW YORK FIREMAN SAVES THE LIFE OF A GIBBERING MANIAC.



LOUIS RIEL A PRISONER.

THE LEADER AND PROMOTER OF THE HALF-BREED REBELLION IN THE CANADIAN NORTHWEST FALLS A CAPTIVE TO GENERAL MIDDLETON.



THE WORLD OF SPORT.

SOME OF THE DEEDS OF DERRING DO PERFORMED LAST WEEK IN VARIOUS ARENAS.

I.—Drake Carter Winning the Puppy Stakes and "Police Gazette" Dog Collar at Pastime Park, Philadelphia. II.—John L. Sullivan Catching a Liner while Pitching with His Baseball Nine at Brockton, Mass. III.—Thomas Brennan Allowing John Harrington Two Yards in a 125-Yard Running Race and Beating Him at Lehigh, Pa., on May 13. IV.—Wm. Springall Knocking Out George Rooke in the Third Round at Wm. Madden's Boxing Tournament, New York, May 11. V.—Joe Cotton Winning the American Derby at Louisville, Ky., on May 14, with Bersan Second and Ten Bocker Third.

PUGILISTIC NEWS.

A Close and Accurate Resume of the Arenic Events of the Week.

Arthur Chambers is eager to again pit Fryer against Kilrain to box 6 rounds for a purse, or for 65 and 35 per cent. of the gate receipts.

Arrangements have been made at Philadelphia for a glove contest between Jimmy Ryan and Jimmy Murray to a finish for a purse of \$500.

Jack Keenan, the well-known light-weight pugilist, started for San Francisco on May 19. Patay Hogan sent on \$150 to Keenan to defray his expenses.

It is reported that the glove contest between Charley Mitchell and Mike Cleary will not be permitted in San Francisco unless the authorities receive a large share of the profits.

Frank White, the well-known feather weight, was entered a benefit at Germania Assembly Rooms, this city, on May 18. The main attraction was a glove contest between Jack Keenan and Frank White. The set-to was very interesting, and the pugilists made a grand display until the police stopped the affair.

Mike Donovan, the well-known pugilist and teacher of boxing to the New York Athletic Club, writes that Pat McCoy never defeated him in any glove contest; and that at a private exhibition given by the New York Athletic Club he only had a friendly set-to with McCoy, and that the latter had by no means the best of the encounter.

At Recreation Hall, Bridgeport, Conn., on Tuesday evening, May 26, a monster athletic exhibition will be given in honor of Charley Norton, the retired light-weight champion pugilist. Norton, who has ever been a favorite among all classes of sports, will be given a rousing send-off. Col. Tom Early, who will act as M. C., has chartered a train to carry the Boston delegation. Arthur Chambers will lead the "Quaker City" battery, and Col. Wm. E. Harding and Mike Donovan those of this city and Brooklyn, respectively. It appears to be the determination of the interest of Norton to paint Bridgeport red, and give him a benefit both in wealth and friendship that he will long remember. The wind-up of the entertainment will be a match between La Blanche, the Marine, and Norton, and will be one of the most interesting of all the attractions.

The New York "Daily News," May 17, says: "Alf Greenfield, with his manager Thomas Brown, arrived on May 6 at his famous sporting house, the Swan with the Two Necks, Livery street, Birmingham. He met with a right royal welcome, nearly 2,000 persons had assembled, and his two long bars and an immense crowd did a splendid business. In a speech Greenfield said the Americans were liberal people and treated him better than he expected. He said that John L. Sullivan was a wonderful pugilist, and he also stated that a purse of \$1,000 had been put up by the members of the Racquet Club in New York for Mitchell and himself to fight for in private, and that after the day was named and the preliminaries arranged Mitchell refused to meet him. Further he said Richard K. Fox had done everything he agreed to do, and that he was the greatest sporting man in the world, and only for his endeavors to promote sport it would die out."

The glove contest between Jack Dempsey, the champion light weight pugilist of America, and Tom Cleary, the middle-weight champion of the Pacific Slope, was decided at the Mechanic's Pavilion, on May 11. About 3,000 paid for admission. Dempsey was seconded by C. Taylor and Martin Murphy, while Jerry Slattery and Jack Brady seconded Cleary. The selection of a referee consumed a great deal of time. Mike Cleary and Charley Mitchell were called upon, but did not respond. Finally it was decided that Frank Crockett should be chosen and he soon afterwards crowded through the ropes. Mike Cleary acted as time-keeper for Dempsey and H. Hamilton held the chronometer for Cleary. When all the selections were made both men advanced to the center and clasped hands tenderly, as if they were about to part forever. On the call of time they came together again, but with hands clasped and in a different position. Dempsey's frontal piece was ornamented with a sweet smile, which hovered about his countenance throughout the fight, and no doubt haunted his opponent, who wore an anxious look. Both men sparred very cautiously at first, and walked around each other for fully a minute before striking a blow. Suddenly Dempsey made a feint and Cleary rushed in and caught his head in chancery. But the referee separated them before any harm was done. Dempsey then managed to get in a blow on Cleary's nose, and before the latter could retaliate he rushed in and clasped him around the waist, pinning his arms to his side. He thus prevented him from striking a blow, and adopted these tactics throughout the fight.

During the second round both men exchanged some very hard blows. Dempsey manifested a great deal of science, and utterly discomfited his adversary. When Cleary would attempt to strike, Dempsey would jump back a few feet. This would always entice Cleary on, and he would invariably be met half way with a stunning blow under the ear, or some other equally vulnerable part of his anatomy. At one time Dempsey tapped him violently on the nose, and the claret flowed profusely. This appeared to anger Cleary, and he rushed Dempsey upon the ropes, and succeeded in dealing some strong, swinging rib blows. But this only tended to stretch the Dempsey smile, and during the third and fourth rounds he retaliated with a vengeance. At the opening of the fourth round Cleary appeared to think that he had been imposed upon, and resolved to act on the defensive. Dempsey evidently grasped the situation, and endeavored to tense him by gently resting his right fist on Cleary's chin, and attempted to hold him at arm's length.

The latter, however, parried and threw his whole weight in a left-hand blow that reached Dempsey's neck. During the remainder of the round Dempsey appeared to be playing with him. He had a number of opportunities to follow up with good effect, but did not care to do so. When time was called for the fifth round both men appeared to be as fresh as at the beginning. But it scarcely had been opened when Dempsey struck out with his right hand, and, missing, followed up with the left, which hit Cleary under the ear and turned him round twice. But Cleary was as game as ever, and came up again, only to be received with another stunning blow on the chin. This gave Dempsey a decided advantage, which he followed up with four more hard licks on his opponent's neck. The last one floored Cleary, and he did not respond to the call of time. The referee awarded the fight to Dempsey, but the crowd yelled for more. The victor manifested a desire to fight it out, and Cleary was about to acquiesce, when Capt. Douglas jumped into the ring and put a stop to further negotiations.

At Mechanic's Pavilion, San Francisco, Jack Dempsey, of New York, and Harry Downie, of San Francisco, were to have fought with gloves according to "Police Gazette" rules, the winner to receive 75 per cent. and the loser 25 per cent. The offer to fix the general fee of admission at fifty cents caused the crowd to surge around the doors, and before the doorknobs could be reached the sinister intrusion of the besieging gang they were swept away from their posts by a sudden rush. The multitude of invaders swarmed over the rows of reserved seats and thronged around the ring. When the contestants were ordered to appear in the arena the intelligence was hastily transmitted from the dressing room to the stage that Downie, disgusted by the influx of dead-weights, had bundled up his scanty fighting apparel and gone home. The announcement of such a breach of faith was received with hisses. Maynard, who was managing the affair, was for some moments at his wits' end. A messenger was dispatched to Downie's retreat, but the derelict pugilist sent back word that he wanted the guarantee of \$500 before he would appear in the ring. Tom Barry volunteered to take Downie's place if guaranteed \$250 whether he won or lost. Maynard accepted the proposition and the contest soon began. It proved a much more exciting fight than had been anticipated. As Barry had not the advantage of training, while Dempsey was in fine condition, the local man's chances of distinguishing himself appeared very slim. Barry, however, managed to cover himself with pugilistic glory, although he eventually was forced to succumb to the remarkable boxing ability of his opponent. The men on foot the scratch seemed nearly matched in height and reach, though in weight Barry had an advantage of some 10 pounds, being 150 pounds, while Dempsey turned the scales at 140 pounds. Dempsey began by sparring cautiously and Harry took the initiative and landed a left-hander on him that raised the hopes of his admirers. A hot rally was followed by Dempsey rushing at Barry and driving him backward with a left and right clean through the ropes and off the stage to the floor five feet below. The fall was so severe that

it was thought for a moment that the fight was over, but Barry unexpectedly bounced back to the stage smiling, and rushed fiercely at his opponent. Dempsey met him with a straight right-hander that floored him at once, and though Barry regained his feet he was very cautious during the remainder of the round. In the second round Barry fought desperately, but Dempsey's wonderful coolness carried him several times out of difficulty, and though he received some hot shots that flushed his face and marked his body he had the best of the round. Barry opened the third round with spirit, but the generalship of his opponent soon gave him the lead, and at the conclusion the local boxer was very shaky on his pins. In the fourth round it seemed as if Dempsey could knock out his man whenever he pleased, but the champion was magnanimous and refrained from punishing him. In the fifth and last round Barry was so plainly at the mercy of the New Yorker that Dempsey dropped his hands and made no attempt to strike his helpless opponent. Barry would not yield, however, and the champion gave him a shove which overthrew him. The shock revived Barry, and when he rose he rushed determinedly at Dempsey, who met him with a well-directed right hander that laid the local man on his back and ended the fight. The opinion of the experts is that Barry made a far better and more satisfactory fight than Downie could have shown.

The long-pending glove contest between Jake Kilrain, of Cambridge, Mass., the well-known boxer and oarsman, and George Fryer, the Nottingham Slasher, whom Arthur Chambers, of Philadelphia, has tried earnestly to match against Jack Burke, Charley Mitchell, Paddy Ryan or any pugilist in America for \$1,000 a side, was decided at Boston, Mass., on May 15. The match was looked forward to with considerable interest, owing to the fact that Kilrain had met all the stars of the pugilistic circle, and proved beyond dispute that he was a formidable opponent against all comers. According to the articles of agreement the men were to contend, according to "Police Gazette" boxing rules, for a purse of \$1,000, made up from the sale of tickets at 50 cents each. Sporting men from all parts of the country invaded Boston to witness the contest, because they knew that it would be decided on the merits of the contestants. A large crowd was attracted to the affair, and many of these present paid \$10 and \$15 for their pasteboards. State street brokers mingled their jokes on the right of the ring with John L. Sullivan, Patay Hogan, Arthur Chambers, John Connelly, Tommy Chandler, of Chicago, Ben Gifford, the Canadian. Over on the left of the ring was a more moderate party, composed principally of the medical profession, with a sprinkling of the young men of means and the gray-headed and bald-headed merchant. The principals retired to Tim McCarthy's parlors to prepare for the fray. On reappearing Kilrain wore white trunks, stockings and undershirt, his waist being encircled by a blue sash. He was accompanied by Tim McCarthy as his second. Fryer was in his cuticle from the waist up and his lower limbs, like Kilrain, were lacquered in white. Arthur Chambers accompanied the son of Albion, and in his shirt sleeves strutted about the ring. The question of a referee was the first to be disposed of, and little Tim McCarthy suggested to Chambers that Billy Mahoney was good enough for him. "He is good enough for me, too," replied Chambers. Fryer appeared strange, looked nervously about him and occasionally stole a glance at Kilrain. He stood up a moment and it was observed that in height at least he was handicapped an inch or two, but in weight and build he was considered rather the superior man. He appeared a trifle fleshy. The muscles on his body were not so pronounced as those visible upon the well-conditioned form of Kilrain, yet for all Fryer was beyond a doubt the sturdier man. After the selection of the referee, two time-keepers, at the request of Chambers, were selected, and the men donned mittens of a size ordinarily used upon occasions of this kind. Everything now being in readiness, time was called; both men advanced to the center, grasped hands in a cordial shake, and at once assumed their respective guards. Fryer's face was lit up with a half-hidden smile, while Jake's was set and rigid. They sparred a few moments, Fryer making a number of feints that at the outset worried Jake, but the latter gathered himself well together and let fly his left, catching Fryer lightly on the jaw, causing the smile on the latter's face to assume a broad grin as he sent his right back for Jake's jugular. The latter was too clever. He avoided the blow and fought Fryer to the ropes, getting in a number of blows in quick succession. Upon the ropes the men clinched, and some short-arm work ensued, Kilrain endeavoring to get in on a vital spot, but without success. They broke away, and coming to the center, Kilrain opened again, leading with his left. Fryer caught the blow upon the shoulder, and again essayed to get in his right. As before, Kilrain avoided it, and again the men clinched. More short-arm work by Kilrain ensued, but it was not damaging to any one save himself. He was tiring himself by forcing matters, and Fryer was simply reserving his strength. Three or four more sorties of the same description followed and the round ended. On going up for the second round, Fryer started nimbly off with a left-hander, aimed at Kilrain's head. He stopped the blow neatly with his right and gave the son of merry England a beautiful, straight left-hander in the jaw. The blow rather staggered Fryer, and for a moment Jake got in half a dozen rather severe cracks with both hands, forcing his opponent to the ropes. Once more in the center, upon Kilrain's going to him, Fryer essayed an upper-cut with his right that was most vicious. Kilrain's right was in its proper place just at the moment. It stopped the blow, and in return he pummeled with both hands upon the head and body of Fryer. The latter seemed to have no guard for the fast-falling blows, and his only resort was a succession of clinches that saved him time. Strength and punishment. Fryer was weary in the third round. The way and style evinced by him in the first two rounds settled it in the minds of all present that his left was of but little use to him, and it was with his right he expected to win. That hand he wanted to place, and with force, too, upon Kilrain's neck. He had attempted the blow several times, and his essays in that direction were so exceedingly well judged that it was a surprise that Fryer had not reached him. The latter was cautioned by Arthur Chambers to be more watchful and at the outset of this round he carefully followed the caution. Jake opened with his left, catching Fryer a hot one on the jaw, and the latter returned the blow, catching Jake full in the mouth. "That's the kind," cried Chambers. "No outside talk," remarked the referee, and just then Arthur thought he saw claret coming from Kilrain's lip. "First blood; we claim first blood," he cried. Kilrain's eyes turned toward the corner in which Chambers sat, and Fryer gave him one or two good ones for his carelessness. Kilrain returned the compliment, catching Fryer with both right and left upon the mouth, and remarking, as his right came to its guard, "I guess that settles first blood," pointing his left at Fryer's upper lip, from which there just oozed the slightest trickle of claret. Fryer laughed, and got in a good strong left on Kilrain's short-ribs, and was then forced, as in the other rounds to a clinch and the ropes. At the ropes and during the clinches his defense was better, however, than in the two previous rounds, but he was not as strong as on those occasions. Kilrain was also fast weakening himself, and his blows were of rather a light character. The round was nearing its close, and the men were in the center. Fryer was panting, and Kilrain was perspiring freely. Kilrain led with his left for the abdomen: Fryer stopped him, and Kilrain tried a cross-counter with the right, getting on to Fryer's head. The latter's chance had come, and quick as flash he recovered himself, and with wonderful precision he caught Kilrain with his right just under the left ear. Kilrain went down upon his knees in about a half-dazed condition. Time was called, and he was taken to his corner, but before the 12 seconds allowed him to come to the center in had expired the 3 minute time for the round had expired. In the fourth round Fryer fought with more daring while Kilrain exercised caution. A minute and a half was consumed in light work, when Jake once more opened up the attack and his left and right beat a tattoo on Fryer's head and face. Both men tired fast during the round, and at its close neither was able to do the other damage. In the fifth round Kilrain did pretty much as he liked with Fryer. He fought him to the ropes and to a clinch a dozen times, but he was not strong enough to settle him. Occasionally Fryer would catch Kilrain napping, but the round ended with both men on their feet. Upon Kilrain there was not a visible contusion. Fryer had a pair of swollen lips, a scarred left shoulder and a slight damage to his left optic. The referee, being called upon for his decision, stated that as neither man was to any extent damaged he was compelled to call it a draw. After the affair was over the men went to their dressing-rooms in the Bijou Club, upon Avery street, and as Kilrain was coming out he was called into one of the parlors of the club by Leslie Miller, Esq., and a number of other gentlemen. Mr. Miller took from his pocket an elegant gold watch and chain, and on behalf of a number of members of the Club and Boston boxing clubs handed it to Kilrain as their gift. Jake was more than surprised, and for a moment was dumb with astonishment, and in a few well chosen words thanked the gentlemen for their gift. The watch is of gold, open-faced, and upon the outside case has Kilrain's monogram. Upon the inside case is the following inscription: "Presented to John Kilrain by his friends, May 15, 1885."

SPORTING NEWS.

It is intended that this department shall be a summary of all the sporting news and gossip current in the United States. Every reader of the POLICE GAZETTE is cordially invited to contribute such information of this kind as he may acquire in his neighborhood.

Prof. Wm. Clark has opened his great fishing and sporting resort at Huntington, L. I.

At the University Roller Rink at Bethlehem, Pa., on May 9, Frank Snell defeated M. M. Pyle, of Pottstown, in a 3-mile race by about 4 feet.

E. J. Baldwin's Lucky B. won the Louisville cup. He carried 114 pounds and was ridden by Blacklock. Betting at the start was 10 to 1 against him. E. Corrikan's Swiney was second, W. F. Hunt's April Fool third. Time, 4 minutes.

The Joe Woolley Athletic Association picnic takes place on Monday, June 1, at Caledonian Park, Newark, N. J. The best sporting talent in New York and surrounding cities have proffered their services, and a grand display is assured.

On May 16, at Louisville, Ky., the Fairview stake, for two-year-old fillies, three-fourths of a mile, Hattie D. H. and Katrina ran a dead heat for first place, Alfaretta second. Time, 1:18. Paris mutuels—Katrina, place, \$35; Hattie D. H., place, \$33.10.

The cricket match between the Merion and University of Pennsylvania Cricket clubs was played at Ardmore, Pa., on May 9, and was won by the latter on the score of the first innings. Score: University first inning, 100; second, 107. Total, 207. Merion, one inning, 85.

In presence of a small but select crowd, at the Williamsburgh Athletic Club Grounds on May 9, the New York University lacrosse team was beaten by the Williamsburgh players by a score of 2 to 0. The first game was won in 11 minutes and the second in 7 minutes.

The wrestling match between Martin Dempsey and Mike Mooney for the collar-and-elbow championship of Long Island took place at Turn Hall, Brooklyn, on May 11. The conditions were best two in three falls. Dempsey gained first fall and Mooney second. When the contestants came up for the final fall they were so exhausted that the referee decided it a draw.

Recently at Billy Oliver's sporting house, Harlem, articles of agreement were signed for a race in best-and-best boots between Martin Doolan and William Knott. The race is to take place June 14, between 10 A. M. and noon, and the distance will be one mile and a half with a turn. The course will be between Madison avenue and Macomb's Dam bridges, and the stakes are \$100 a side.

The Kentucky Oaks, for three-year-olds, 1-1/2 miles, was won by Corrigan's Lizzie Dwyer; the latter's stable companion, Ida Hope, broke down. Constellation was second and Exile third. Last winter the POLICE GAZETTE said Lizzie Dwyer would win the Oaks, and it would not be a surprise to see her win nearly every stake she starts in, that is if Corrigan, her owner, wants her to do so.

Our Post-Office.—Letters lying at this office will be forwarded on receipt of stamped envelope, self-addressed, P. T. Barnum, Jack Burke, G. B. Bunnell, Harry Dohson, Thos. F. Delaney, Jack Dempsey, James Doran, Wm. Edwards, James W. Fullbrook, H. C. Gordon, Miss Edna Gray, Denis Hanley, Tom Hall, W. H. Hutcheson, Harry Jennings, H. M. Johnson, G. J. Montgomery, Jim Mac (2), Eph Morris, Patsy Murphy, John Mackay, W. Price, Michael Pflaum, Chas. Robles, Sol Smith Russell, Duncan C. Ross (2), Wm. Smith, Emil Voss, John F. Tarnett, Bob Ingersoll, Geo. Rooke, Carl Abs, German wrestler.

The 6-day race, 12 hours a day, go-as-you-please race, which was to have commenced at Denver, Col., on May 11, was postponed until May 25, in order to give certain pedestrians a chance to enter. Frank Hart, Geo. D. Noremac, John Harrington and a host of Western pedestrians will start. The race will take place in the Denver Rink, 14 miles to the mile. Fifty per cent. of the gross receipts will be divided among the winners as follows: Twenty-five per cent. to the first, fifteen per cent. to the second and ten per cent. to the third, with the entrance money included. W. S. Smyth and H. C. Gordon are the managers.

At Fort Maginnis, M. T., Patrick Smith, of Troop A, First New York Cavalry, and Frank Mills, of Maudenville, Montana, have signed articles of agreement to run a fifty (50) yard race, flying start, for two hundred and fifty dollars (\$250) a side, the race to be run at Maudenville, M. T., on May 24, between the hours of 1 and 4 P. M. Mills has never been beaten in any of the numerous races in which he has been a competitor in the section of Montana, and Pat will doubtless be remembered by the old-timers of Providence, R. I., as a good sprinter and reliable to the backbone. Both men back themselves, and while the Maudenvillians doubtless consider Mills the best man yet the Boys in Blue know that Pat is no slouch and will, to a man, put their \$25 to \$75 on the Providence lad.

The following is the official score of the 6-day, 12 hours a day, go-as-you-please race which commenced at the Aquarium, London, England, on April 25 and on May 2.

	Mon.	Tues.	Wed.	Thurs.	Fri.	Total.
M. L. M. L. M. L. M. L. M. L. M. L.						
Rowell.....	82	1	74	5	67	269
Cartwright.....	80	5	61	64	65	315
Mason.....	77	7	66	54	57	311
Corley.....	66	2	60	50	56	234
Connor.....	69	2	57	54	56	238
Wade.....	66	5	55	57	56	245
Sinclair.....	70	2	49	50	47	218
Carlson.....	54	3	52	52	48	209
Smith.....	68	1	51	51	40	211
McCarthy.....	58	5	42	47	43	195
J. Day.....	61	5	43	44	42	235
Slater.....	56	0	41	38	39	174
Achille.....	60	5	54	0	31	150

The spring meeting of the American Jockey Club is announced to begin on Tuesday, May 26, and end on Tuesday, June 9. The important fixed events will be run on dates as follows:

Tuesday, May 26.—The Fordham handicap, for all ages, one mile and a quarter, and Withers stakes, for three-year-olds; one mile. Thursday, May 28.—Croton handicap, for all ages; one mile. Saturday (Decoration Day), May 30.—Juvenile stakes, for two-year-olds, half a mile; Harlem stakes, for all ages, one mile and a furlong, and Ladies' stakes, for three-year-old fillies, one mile and a half. Tuesday, June 2.—Metropolitan handicap, for all ages, one mile and a half. Thursday, June 4.—Westchester handicap, for all ages, one mile and three furlongs. Saturday, June 6.—Belmont stakes, for three-year-olds, one mile and a half. Tuesday, June 9.—Empire City handicap, for all ages, one mile and a quarter.

The following visitors called at this office the past week: Hjal H. Stoddard, John Maynard, San Francisco, Cal.; Gus Meckler, Dramatic News; Harry Munson; Frank Lyman, Newark, N. J.; John Manning, John Murray, Gen. J. H. Warwick, A. L. Drummond, H. Pollack, S. A. Snydam, Jeremiah O'Donovan, Rossa, Geo. Kelly, S. Kelly, Leonard Ruff, Martin Dempsey; Emil Voss, wrestler; Geo. Williams; Chas. Norton, Sr.; Chas. Norton, Jr.; Joe Woolley, Newark, N. J.; Capt. Erb; Jere Dunn, Gus Tut-bill, Max Stern, Carl Abs, Harry Herber; Mr. Cowan, the Sporting World; Alf. Melbourne, "The Bloomer"; Gus Lippmann, Bob Smith, Steve O'Donnell, Walter De Baun, John Ashton; J. W. Metcalf, Charles Edwards, Arthur Chambers, Philadelphia, Pa.; Billy Madden, Tom Campbell, Weston Brothers, Capt. Thos. Sampson, Capt. Doyle; Sergt. John Gallagher, Sergt. Jacob Weising, Seventeenth precinct; John Wood, photographer; Denny Butler, Brooklyn; Joe Hart; James Skipper, the "Stiff Un"; Ed. F. Mahan; Ed. S. Ewen, Philadelphia, Pa.; W. J. Burke, San Francisco, Cal.; C. Hazenwood, London, Eng.

The Greco-Roman wrestling match between Wm. Muldoon, the champion Greco-Roman wrestler of America, and Carl Abs, the champion wrestler of Germany, was decided at Irving Hall, in this city, on May 18. Nearly 2,000 persons were present and the receipts were enormous, tickets selling at \$1 and \$2. Edwin Bibby attended Wm. Muldoon, while Prof. Alf. Heffer attended Carl Abs. Wm. Muldoon was time-keeper and John McMahon referee. Great interest was manifested in the match and the audience were principally Germans. For an hour these two marvels of muscle wriggled, twisted and tugged at each other's wrists and

arms, perspiring at every pore, their flesh so slippery that neither could get a satisfactory lock on the other. After the first hour expired the men were rubbed down and refreshed by fanning till "time" was called in fifteen minutes. Another hour passed while the patience of the great perspiring multitude ebbed away. Neither man had gained a fall at 11:10, and John McMahon, with a voice full of pity for the spectators, said: "Gentlemen, Muldoon and Abs have agreed to quit right here. They cannot gain a fall." A wrangle ensued in dividing the gate receipts through a misunderstanding. Abs' manager claimed they should be divided, while Jere Dunn, who managed the affair for Muldoon, claimed Abs was only to receive a third. The matter ended in Jere Dunn retaining two-thirds of the gate money which he claimed Muldoon was entitled to. The crowd was the largest ever seen in a wrestling match.

The eleventh renewal of the Kentucky Derby was run at Louisville, Ky., on May 14. About 10,000 spectators were present. Ten horses started in the race. In the auction pools before the race Joe Cotton brought \$350; Bersan and Favor, 225; Ten Hooker, 905; Irish Pat, 225; Lord Coleridge, Playfellow, Keokuk, Clay Pale and Thistle, in the field, \$45. The book betting stood: Joe Cotton, 3 to 5; Bersan, 4 to 1; Favor, 5 to 1; Ten Hooker, 6 to 1; Irish Pat, 8 to 1, and from 10 to 12 to 1 against the others. The distance was 1 1/4 miles. At the start Joe Cotton, Bersan and Favor were together in the last of the group. After half a mile Favor rushed out, took the track and made the running within half a mile of home, when Cotton challenged him, and was in turn challenged by Bersan. Bersan's jockey started the run a trifle late. Both horses were whipped home for the last eighth of a mile, and Bersan steadily crawled up, cutting Cotton's lead down inch by inch. Cotton went under the wire a short neck first. Fifty feet more of running would have beaten him. Ten Hooker was third, Favor fourth, Thistle fifth, Clay Pale sixth, Playfellow seventh, Keokuk eighth, Irish Pat ninth and Lord Coleridge tenth. Time, 2:37 1/2, which is half a second slower than the best Derby time. The time has only been beaten once. That was in 1879, when Lord Murphy, by Pat Malloy, won in 2:37. Joe Cotton's time was 2:37 1/2. If Bersan had had a jockey like Murphy or the champion, McLaughlin, he would have won.

All arrangements were completed on May 16 at the Police Gazette office for the international single scull race for a purse of \$5,000 and the championship of the world. Richard K. Fox, the donor of the purse, decided to hold the regatta in August on Silver Lake at Plympton, Mass., the scene of many a well-contested race and successful regatta. Mr. Fox's representative will agree to offer Wm. Beach, the champion of the world, every inducement to compete in the race. Nearly all the prominent oar-men, including John Teemer, Wallace Ross, George Hosmer, have agreed to row for the purse which is divided as follows: \$5,000 to first, \$1,200 to second, \$500 to third, and \$250 to fourth. The race to be 4 miles with a turn, and to be governed by the rules of the National Association of Amateur Oarsmen. Each contestant will start from buoys anchored 100 feet apart, and turn buoys the same distance apart at the end of the two miles. The race will be under the personal management of the donor, who will appoint judges and select a referee. Silver Lake is centrally situated and just the place for a race of such importance. It is expected on Haulan's arrival he will also enter. The inducements offered Beach should, with his chances of winning the first prize, insure his entry. Judging from the interest already manifested, the regatta will be the most successful ever held in this country.

The foot-race between John Harrington, of Wilkes-barre and Thomas Brennan, of Tamques, Pa., was decided at Leighton Fair Grounds, Leighton, Pa., on May 13. The stakes were \$500, \$250 a side, held by Richard K. Fox, who was agreed upon as final stakeholder when the match was ratified. The distance was 125 yards and Brennan conceded Harrington 2 yards start. James Smith, of Shenandoah, and John J. Quinn trained the pedestrians, the former training Brennan and the latter preparing Harrington. The race created considerable interest and thousands of dollars was wagered on the result through the various towns and villages of the coal regions. On May 13, the quiet village of Leighton was invaded by sporting men from all parts of the country. Harrington, with his backer and trainer, and the delegation from Wilkes-barre and Hazleton put up at the Exchange Hotel, while Brennan, with James Smith and the delegation from Pottsville, Tamques and Mahanoy City made the City Hotel their headquarters. John Boyle, the Tamques book-maker, did a thriving business, while J. Rhodes, of Philadelphia, held thousands of dollars. Betting opened at evens and closed at \$150 to \$100 on Brennan. At 2 P. M. the crowd started for the Fair Grounds, and James Smith proposed that the gate money should go to the winner, or at least that Brennan was ready to wager his share against Harrington's portion, which proposition Harrington's backer agreed to. Two tracks running east to west were laid out, and at 3:30 the pedestrians tossed for sides. Brennan won the toss and selected the north side. Wm. E. Harding then measured off 6 feet from the starting point, the distance Brennan had to allow Harrington. The referee then arranged the finish, having a worsted cord stretched across in order to have no wrangle or dispute about who did or did not finish first. George Turner, of Philadelphia, was pistol-firer, and James Smith and Cuncilman Meehan judges. All being ready, the runners disrobed and were placed on their marks, while the judges and referee occupied positions at the finish. Presently the report of the pistol was heard, and both pedestrians bounded over the dust-covered, grassy track at a tremendous rate. Harrington held the lead until 80 yards had been run, when Brennan began to close the gap. At 100 yards both were on level terms, when Brennan put on a spurt and forged ahead. Harrington also spurred, but Brennan had too much speed, and he crossed the line about 3 feet ahead in 13 seconds. The referee decided Brennan won the race by 3 feet, and handed over the gate money to the winner. About \$1,000 changed hands on the result. On May 14 Richard K. Fox forwarded the \$500 stakes to James Smith, Brennan's backer, who how keeps a large sporting resort at Shenandoah. The race was honestly run, and no one disputed the decision.

In order to settle many disputes during important running races we have drafted a set of rules which will hereafter be known as the "Police Gazette" sprinting or running rules.

RULE 1.—In all races a referee, two judges and a time-keeper, also a pistol-firer, if necessary, shall be appointed. RULE 2.—The running course for each contestant shall be at least 1 yard wide, and separated by stakes 10 feet apart with wire or rope from the ground.

RULE 3.—The referee shall decide whether the track is in proper condition for a race, and shall be empowered to delay or postpone if the weather and track are bad.

RULE 4.—Each man shall toss for choice of tracks and sides, and should he act unfairly toward his opponent he shall be disqualified.

RULE 5.—A tape shall be stretched across the score at the finish line, 3 feet to 4 from the ground, and suitable to the referee.

RULE 6.—The contestants shall stand on their proper mark, when the pistol-firer notifies them, and when they are on their respective marks he shall stand in the rear and fire the pistol.

RULE 7.—The pistol-firer shall station himself in such a position that the men cannot see the flash.

RULE 8.—Either contestant leaving or going over the mark with either foot previous to the firing or snapping of the pistol shall be penalized 2 feet for the first offense, 1 yard for the second, 1 1/2 yards for the third, and for the fourth shall be disqualified.

RULE 9.—The referee shall station himself at the end of the tape in a position to see clearly and decide fairly in what order the men finish.

RULE 10.—A man failing to make good his deposits or refusing to obey the orders of the referee shall lose all claim to the money's posted.

RULE 11.—A dead heat shall be run off within one hour unless the referee orders otherwise.

RULE 12.—A referee, pistol-firer and two judges shall be appointed in all contests, and the time-keeper shall station himself at the end of the tape opposite the referee.

RULE 13.—In case a pistol-firer cannot be agreed upon, the referee shall be empowered to select that official. If a referee cannot be selected the stakeholder shall select one, and in all match races a final stakeholder shall be appointed at the posting of the first deposit.

RULE 14.—The referee shall have full power to decide all questions of disputes and decide all pools, bets, etc., and his decision shall be final, and all prizes, awards, stakes, pools and bets shall be paid according to his decision.

RULE 15.—A pistol-shot shall be deemed a "start," but a snap cap will be considered "no start."

RULE 16.—In the event of darkness coming on the men shall complete the race at the time appointed by the referee.

Send \$1.00 to this office and paper will be regularly mailed to your address for thirteen weeks.

THE REFEREE.

His Thoughts, Opinions and Expressions on Matters of Sporting Interest.

I was greatly amused when I read in a Boston paper that David Blanchard had arranged a set of rules to govern boxing contests and styled them "Blanchard's Fair-Play Rules."

Now, how can a man who is not a boxer frame a code for the guidance of boxers? Blanchard may be posted on trotting horses, but he does not possess knowledge enough about sparring, boxing or pugilism, or any of the rules appertaining to the main art of self-defence, to arrange what in Boston they claim to be Blanchard rules.

The rules Blanchard has allowed his name to be attached to were a set framed in the *Sporting Life* office by George W. Atkinson, the author of the original Queensberry rules, and Wm. Madden, prior to the latter's tournament for the championship of England.

On a visit to New York, Blanchard procured a copy of Madden's rules, and on his return to the Hub handed them to the editor of the Massachusetts paper.

The rules were slightly altered, and that is how Blanchard's rules were compiled.

The rules were not arranged by Blanchard, but pirated from Billy Madden, who is the original author of what the imitation of this sporting journal styles Fair-play rules.

In a recent issue the above sheet, which is weekly full of a conglomeration of lies, adds this to the innumerable ones:

"Richard K. Fox has pirated Dave Blanchard's Fair-play boxing rules and calls them his own."

The readers of this journal are well aware that the "Police Gazette" revised boxing rules were first published in March, 1881, while the rules claimed to be Blanchard's, but which are in reality Madden's rules, were not compiled until November, 1882, and they were not pirated by this Massachusetts imitator until the year 1885.

How, then, could Richard K. Fox pirate rules that he had compiled and framed nearly three years before the others had existed?

Many have an idea that because Tecumseh won the Annapolis stakes at Washington he will win the Withers stakes.

Tecumseh may be a speedy colt, but his chances to win the Withers in such company as Goano, Richmond, Tyrant and Brookwood is not very flattering.

If McLaughlin rides Richmond, the latter should win, with Brookwood, Goano, and Tyrant fighting for place.

Horsemens are boasting of Joe Cotton's fast time at Louisville, Ky., when he won the Derby in 2:37 1/4.

I do not think the time for the distance, which is one mile and a half, is anything extraordinary, and I know eight or nine horses that have run the distance faster.

Luke Blackburn, at Monmouth Park, Long Branch, Aug. 17, 1880, when three years old, carrying 102 pounds, ran the distance in 2:34.

Hindoo, when three years old, with 118 pounds up, ran the Derby distance in 2:36 at Saratoga, N. Y., Aug. 4, 1881.

Telemachus, when three years old, with 100 pounds up, ran the distance in 2:37 at Sheepshead Bay, Sept. 20, 1880.

Lord Murphy ran the Derby course at Louisville, when three years old, with 100 pounds up, in 2:37.

In the face of all these performances, which are better than Joe Cotton, what is the use of commenting on the Derby winner of 1885 performance, especially when it is well known if the Derby winner had not been booked for the event, that Bersan could have taken his place and run faster and made better time than Joe Cotton.

The American Jockey Club, I understand, have made several changes in the stakes to be run at the spring meeting, and added three new stake races, viz: The Harlem stakes, at a mile and a furlong, weight for age, with allowances for maidens, the Croton handicap at a mile, and the Empire City handicap at a mile and a quarter. Leaving out the Withers, Ladies and Belmont stakes, the last should be the most important race of the meeting. The amount of added money, \$2,500, is the same as that for the Suburban handicap, with which race it comes in direct competition. The weights, however, are not due until two days before the race and the declarations the day before. This condition has some advantages inasmuch as the handicapper will know what most of the horses entered have done, or are doing, and he will be able to judge of their abilities accordingly. Owners and the speculative public generally, would no doubt prefer that the weights should appear earlier so as to give them a chance to invest their money at longer odds than those likely to be offered the night before the race; but the advertised conditions are, after all, the most satisfactory to the public. The amount of money added for the seven races is \$8,500, which, with the amounts added to the Withers, Ladies and the Belmont, makes the meeting the most important one held for years. Another departure is that instead of beginning the meeting on Decoration Day that will be the third day of the meeting, which begins on Tuesday, May 26, and continues on the 28th and 30th, June 2, 4, 6 and 9, and as the meeting of the Coney Island Jockey Club begins on June 11, there is absolutely no time lost from the date of the beginning at Washington.

I think the most creditable performance in the annals of amateur pedestrianism was the success, on April 11, of J. E. Dixon, in England, running 50 miles.

He ran the distance in 6 hours 18 minutes 23 1/5 seconds, beating numerous records.

It is satisfactory to hear that scoring cards of a perfect nature were compiled for the use of those responsible for the arrangements, while a regular cloud of witnesses, judges, timekeepers and other officials from where true talent alone is to be found had been pressed in service.

It is all the more satisfactory because Dixon knocked "chips" off a good many figures established by him in Birmingham. T. A. Squires held the lead from 19 to 37 miles, and in that distance made fresh "fastests" from 26 to 35 miles.

He then had to retire, suffering from the stitch, and Dixon took the lead right up to the finish, compiling new figures from the forty-third up to the fifth mile, the full distance being done in 6 hours 18 minutes 15 seconds as compared with 6 hours 20 minutes 47 1/2 seconds, at Birmingham, on Dec. 29, 1884.

What makes Dixon's run so noteworthy is the circumstance that he is thirty-five years of age, and, if we are to believe what has appeared elsewhere, is the father of six other little "circumstances."

When pedestrians reach Dixon's time of life it is generally reckoned that they have seen their best. But this preconceived notion has received many raps on the head during the past twelve months, both in this country and England.

From information I have received I think although Plunger Walton's imported Richmond is lame, he will be heard from this season. He has greatly improved as a race-horse, and will be worth looking after.

It is my opinion that the best two-year-old in the country, but few of them are expert in getting away first when the flag drops.

There are a great many crack jockeys now in this country, but few of them are expert in getting away first when the flag drops.

The jockey is just as important in a race in which twenty horses or more start as the animal. No matter how highly bred or how speedy a horse may be, if his jockey allows him to be pocketed his chances are gone.

It is whispered among the army of touts in the West that Gillock, the secretary of the Nashville Blood-Horse Association, has a two-year-old filly by Enquirer (Orphan Girl) that promises to be the winner of many of the great two-year-old stakes run in the West during 1885.

Kalula, in Snedeker's public stables, is a two-year-old of great promise.

Eph. Snedeker has a fine lot of two-year-olds in training. Kalula is and will prove a danger-light in any race no matter what starts.

Every healthy person, man or woman, should be a good walker, able at any time to walk six to twelve miles a day at least, and double that when gradually brought up to it.

The points to be attended to are to see that the walk be brisk and vigorous, not of a loitering or dangling kind; that there be some object in the walk besides its being a routine constitutional, i. e., not like the staid promenade of the orthodox ladies' school, and, if possible, in pleasant company; that there be no tight clothing, whether for the feet or for the body, which will constrain or impede the natural movements of the limbs and trunk, and that the walk be taken as far as possible in the fresh country air.

In regard to this latter particular, although the towns are increasing so rapidly as to make it almost a journey to get out of them on foot, still we have so many suburban tramways and railway lines that in a few minutes we can find ourselves in the country, where the air is fresh and pure.

Whenever an opportunity presents itself for a little climbing in the course of a walk it should be taken advantage of. To gain variety of muscular action as well as increase the exertion, and we get into the realms of purer air and fresher breezes at the same time.

What may be considered as the weak point in walking as a mode of exercise is the comparatively small play which it gives to the muscles of the shoulders and chest, while it is still less for those of the arms. This should be compensated for by the use of light dumb-bells or Indian clubs, or some other form of exercise which brings into play the arms and shoulders.

One of the forms of exercise which requires the action of the muscles of the arms and shoulders as well as those of the trunk and legs is swimming. This, however, for many reasons cannot be used as a means of exercise except by a few and at certain seasons of the year, but where possible it should always be practiced.

The great pity is that boys and girls do not learn it, as a rule, while at school. Every large town should be well provided with swimming baths, and, if it could be made compulsory for schools to allow the scholars at a certain age, say twelve, to learn to swim, it would be a great advantage to all and also the means of saving many lives.

Turfmen claim that racing cannot be successfully continued without the attendant diversion of wagers. It is too late to get any modification of the law by the Legislature this spring, and therefore the outlook is that the meetings at our tracks arranged for the forthcoming season will have to be abandoned.

The result is just what we have arrived at that period when signs of reawakening life and betting activity in the world of sport should be most pronounced we have all unexpectedly come to the very nearest approach to a full stop.

That is to say, in betting on future events, betting on past events, of course, being barred. Even in the middle of the busiest season it is not met for much surprise to find speculators, successful or otherwise, deliberately turning their backs upon their regular business habits and going in for possibly much needed recreation or rest.

It is in harness and when in motion that Maud S. is seen at her best. She is a long-bodied mare, standing 15-3 hands at the withers and 16 1/2 hands at the hips. When in condition she weighs about 950 pounds, and her stride, when going at her best on a straight track, measures 18 feet. "Shin boots" and "scalpers" are the only appliances needed upon her when trotting. She carries 15-ounce shoes, with a 4-ounce shoe behind. She is a mare of strong will, and it is necessary to handle her with great care and gentleness.

The Canadian regatta of 1885, I am informed, will be held at Hamilton, Ont. They have a course there which is hardly surpassed anywhere. What is known as Burlington Beach divides the bay of that name from Lake Ontario, and when the water is rough or lumpy in one it is usually smooth in the other. The regatta is likely to be a very successful affair.

Of the horses which had, at the close of 1883, obtained a place in the 2:30 class, 105 have improved their records. Jay-Eye-See cut off three-quarters of a second and made a mile in 2:10, but it was only a day or two later that he was defeated by Maud S. with 2:09 1/4 at Cleveland. The figures stood until early in November, when the wonderful mare, which had in the meantime become the property of Mr. Bonner, closed the season at Lexington with 2:09 1/4. The four-year-old Elvira set a new pattern for her class by trotting in 2:18 1/4, being a quarter of a second faster than the 2:18 1/2 of the California filly Bonita. On Dec. 19 Salie Benton, one of the Palo Alto bred colts, trotted a mile in 2:17 1/4, beating Elvira's time three-quarters of a second. At the July meeting of the Chicago Driving Park, Smuggler's long-standing stallion record of 2:15 1/4 was eclipsed by the six-year-old Phallax, who made 2:13 1/4 in the fourth heat of a race, but was soon outdone at Providence by Maxey Cobb in 2:13 1/4. The last-named horse, when hitched with another, broke all the previous double team records by going a mile over the Fleetwood Park track in 2:15 1/4, the fastest previous double-team record having been the 2:16 1/4 of Frank W. Edwards and Dick Switzer. The pacing record was also lowered, Johnston doing a mile at Chicago in 2:06 1/4, and in the way of pacing with a running mate, Westmont, owned in Chicago, stands at the head, he having gone a mile with proper weight in the wagon and for a consideration in 2:02.

The opposition to skating rinks bids fair to be as unreasonable as any craze connected with this popular amusement. A few cases of elopement, of disease and death, that can be said to have begun at the rinks, have resulted in a wholesale condemnation by men who, to say the least, can have given little investigation to the subject.

It has come to be as much the fashion to lay all sorts of disasters at the doors of the rinks as it has been to use the seductive rollers.

The latest and most ridiculous is that made by Dr. John T. Noyes, Registrar of Vital Statistics, in the New York Health Department. He claims that the alarming prevalence of pneumonia is attributable to roller-skating.

Now it happens that the great majority of the deaths from this disease occur among an elderly class that would as soon think of turning a double somersault as of taking a turn on roller-skates.

It occurs, too, in neighborhoods that do not have rinks. People who visit skating rinks and get into a perspiration and expose themselves will take cold, and are liable to pneumonia; so are those who go out at all in such weather as has prevailed this winter.

Send \$1.00 to this office and paper will be regularly mailed to your address for thirteen weeks.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All requests for information of a character to be answered in the columns of a newspaper will meet with an early reply on this page, and our readers are cordially invited to submit by letter any reasonable question, no matter on what subject.

H. F., Poughkeepsie, N. Y.—No.
J. E. W., Locustville, Va.—No.
W. G., Hoosic Falls, N. Y.—No.
J. W. B., Columbus, Ohio.—No.
J. R. B., Washington, Pa.—Yes.
W. G. K., Pleasantville, Mo.—No.
J. R., Medina, N. Y.—The Providence mine.
E. R. A., Sigel, Mo.—Burnt cork is the best.
O. L. H., Denver, Col.—Not that we ever heard of.
J. W. T., Roanoke, Va.—Have no record of the dog.
F. S., New York.—There is no valuation on the coin.
F. J. P., New York.—There is no champion at the game.
J. G., Baltimore, Md.—Sixteen and three-quarter inches.
A. R., Princeton, Ill.—They are too numerous to mention.
C. H. S., Milwaukee, Wis.—There is no such book published.
G. A. S., Union City.—The party that pocketed the ball won.
C. C., St. Johns, N. B.—Yankee Sullivan was born in Ireland.
D. C., Utica, N. Y.—Send 15 cents and we will mail you the book.
W. A. M., Wilsonburg, W. Va.—Send \$1 and we will mail you the book.

R. S., De Kalb, Ill.—You won the wager if it was made the way you state.
H. G. R., Brooklyn.—There is no champion club-swinging of Long Island.

S. T., Mount Hope, Kansas.—Must send name before any inquiry can be made.

H. M., Terraville, Dak.—The contest being stopped by the police made it a draw.

M. E., Louisville, Ky.—Bill Darts was champion pugilist of England in 1761.

E. B., McAllister, I. T.—Jay-Eye-See's best record is 2:10, made at Providence, R. I.

JACK POTS, New York City.—There is no book that is an authority on the game.

L. B., Chatham, New York.—At last advice, Little Sioux was owned by Mr. McCormick.

H. H. P., Campbell County, Va.—Send on 50 cents and we will forward you the book of rules.

H. V. D. H., New York City.—A letter addressed to Carl Abs, care of this office, will reach him.

E. S., Idaho Springs.—The contest between Annie Lewis and Hattie Stewart never was decided.

T. W. M., Bismarck, D. T.—Send \$10 and we will express you the best rubber striking-bag made.

S. S., Chicago, Ill.—At London, Eng., Sept. 13 to 18, Miss Agnes Deek with swam 100 out of 157 hours.

S. A., Sandy Hook.—James Heenan, brother to John C. Heenan, died at Chicago, Ill., March 13, 1885.

L. B., Peoria, Ill.—Aaron Jones, the English pugilist, died at Leavenworth, Kansas, Feb. 16, 1885.

S. H., Rochester, N. Y.—Rowell received \$500 and a gold medal for winning the 6-day race in England.

C. F., Pittsburg, Pa.—1. Bonner paid \$33,000 for Dexter. 2. Dexter ran 11 miles 720 yards in 1 hour.

L. M. W., Scribner, Dodge County, Neb.—Send on your orders with \$10, and the goods will be mailed to you.

J. W. W., Cleveland.—1. Edwin Bibby stands 5 feet 4 1/2 inches. 2. Address American News Company, New York.

E. S., Hartford, Conn.—1. Yes, it is for both pugilists to strike at the same time. 2. Maud S. is 15 1/2 hands high.

S. B., Pottsville, Pa.—There is no pedestrian has an authentic record of running 100 yards in less than 10 seconds.

A. C. C., Pittsburg, Pa.—Fish Smart, the English champion skater, is credited with skating 1 mile in 3 minutes.

D. W., Albany, N. Y.—1. Edward Hanan was born in Toronto, Canada. 2. Letter received. Thanks for information.

H. M., Philadelphia, Pa.—The construction of the New York and Brooklyn suspension bridge commenced on June 2, 1870.

N. E., Pullman, Ill.—John Morrissey died at Saratoga, N. Y., May 21, 1878, and was buried at Troy, N. Y., May 4, 1878.

B. E. S., Chester, Penn.—1. Barry Sullivan was born in Dublin, Ireland, in 1824. 2. He is no relation to John L. Sullivan.

T. J., Quilman, Mass.—1. That is a matter of opinion we could not settle. 2. John L. Sullivan. 3. The book is out of print.

G. N., Boston, Mass.—Ned Price defeated Australian Kelly in 11 rounds, lasting 32 minutes, at Point Albino, Canada, Oct. 6, 1880.

A. E. D., St. Louis, Mo.—We have not Mmc. Annie Lewis' or the other party's address. A letter addressed to this office will reach them.

D. M., Watertown, N. Y.—1. Jem Mace never fought John C. Heenan. 2. Nat Langham was the only pugilist that defeated Tom Sayers.

D. W., Herkimer, N. Y.—No pedestrian has ever run 100 yards in less than 10 seconds. George Seward's record of 9 1/4 is not authentic.

G. F., Omaha.—W. M. Scharff defeated Evan Morris in a 5-mile race by 1 length at Pittsburg, Pa., on Oct. 21, 1876. The stakes were \$2,000.

H. M., Boston.—Chas. E. Davies' (the Parson) address is the Store Sporting House, 176 S. Clark street, Chicago, formerly Mike McDonald's.

W. G., Portland, Me.—John Kennedy, the oarsman, is in Washington. A letter addressed the Potomac Boat Club in that city will find him.

S. E., Brooklyn.—1. John C. Heenan issued a challenge to fight Tom Sayers on April 25, 1880. 2. Tom Sayers stood 5 feet 8 1/2 inches in height.

B. B., Logona, N. M.—1. Clarence Whistler, the wrestler, is a native of Pennsylvania. 2. He is about 5 feet 7 1/2 inches high, and weighs 170 pounds.

M. S., Leavenworth.—1. Jim Dunne, of Brooklyn, and Bill Davis fought on May 16, 1875, in Canada. 2. Dunne won in 43 rounds, lasting 1 hour 6 minutes.

H. M., Cohoes, N. Y.—1. Rowell covered 146 1-7 miles in 24 hours. 2. We supply all sporting goods, boxing-gloves, pictures and everything sporting men require.

CONSTANT READER, Galena, Ill.—There was no competition in the Centennial. It was at the Jubilee, held at Boston, and the French band won first prize.

M. M., Taylorsville, Ill.—1. Charles McDonald did not train Paddy Ryan to fight John L. Sullivan. 2. Yes; he is a boxer and was defeated by Steve Taylor.

J. M., Baltimore, Md.—The reason that George Littlewood broke down in the last 6-day race in England was owing to biliousness, and one of his knees gave out.

J. M., Elizabeth, N. J.—1. Solitary confinement for one month. 2. A left-hand man would be at a great disadvantage, but he should be just as proficient as a right-hand man.

T. M. C., Melbourne, Land County, D. T.—1. John C. Heenan fought John Morrissey, Tom Sayers and Tom King. 2. He never won the stakes in a prize-ring encounter.

S. W., Harrisburg, Pa.—1. Wallace Ross did beat Edward Hanan in the Seckonk regatta, at Providence, R. I. 2. He won the race by forfeit, which is equivalent. 3. No.

G. G., Philadelphia, Pa.—Emma B., now "Police Gazette," and owned by Richard K. Fox, has a record of 2:22. It was made at Point Breeze Park, Philadelphia, Oct. 2, 1879.

D. D., Syracuse.—Andrew Maraden, the English pugilist who fought Joe Wormald for £400 (\$2,000) and the championship of England, stood 6 feet 1 1/2 inches in height, and weighed 180 pounds.

A. S., St. Paul, Minn.—In the female 6-day pedestrian tournament at San Francisco on May 11, 1880, Amy Howard, of New York, won, covering 400 miles. Mmc. Tobias was second, with 400 miles.

J. W. S., Jefferson County, O.—1. Yes. 2. Send 30 cents and we will mail you the "Champions of the English and American Prize Ring." The book contains the portraits and records of the champions.

S. J. M. SMITH, East Mauch Chunk, Pa.—If D. H. Lawson, Philadelphia, Pa., got your remittance you will receive your watch. He has advertised for months and we have never had one complaint against him.

ANCHURALD, McCormick & Co., Lawrus, Montreal, Can.—Little Sioux is a bay about twelve years old, under 15 hands high, a round-made, stylish-looking little horse, with light tail; a very handy breaker.

TORONTOIAN, Toronto, Can.—There is no remedy. Sports in Canada are looming up, and will continue to progress greatly now the *Illustrated Sporting World* has such a large circulation through Canada.

W. V., Boston, Mass.—1. Ed. Tuohy, the pugilist, fought O'wney Geoghegan in a room in New York on April 18, 1881. 2. Forty-five rounds were fought in 1 hour 1 minute, when Geoghegan was declared the winner.

D. C., Georgetown, D. C.—1. Ned Price defeated Australian Kelly in 11 rounds, lasting 32 minutes, at Point Albino, Canada, Oct. 6, 1880. 2. It was on Dec. 10, 1863, that John C. Heenan and Tom King fought, and B wins.

W. M., St. Louis, Mo.—1. Jem Mace was born at Beeston, Norfolk-shire, Eng., April 18, 1831, and is of Gypsy origin. 2. Elliott and Sullivan boxed with hard gloves when they met at Washington Park, N. J., July 4, 1882.

F. W., Nemaha City, Neb.—Sullivan's colors when he fought Ryan were a white silk handkerchief with a green border, Irish and Southern flag in each corner, a spread eagle in the center with the motto, "May the best man win."

J. W., Portland, Me.—Wm. Beach and Edward Hanan rowed for \$2,500 a side and the championship of the world, on the "Par-matta" river on March 28, 1885. Beach won as he pleased by six lengths or 196 feet, in 25 minutes 56 seconds.

D. E., Lexington, Ky.—Tom Hyer and Yankee Sullivan fought for \$10,000 and the championship at Sull Pond Creek, Maryland, on June 10, 1849. It was a hurricane fight, and Hyer whipped Sullivan in 16 rounds, lasting 17 minutes 18 seconds.

S. O. R., Fort Fetterman, W. Y.—1. The greatest weight lifted without harness is 1,442 1/2 pounds, by David L. Dowd, at Springfield, Mass., March 27, 1883. 2. On March 2, 1880, H. Leussing, without harness, lifted 1,384 pounds, at Cincinnati, Ohio.

N. O., Hartford, Conn.—1. It was not Faughnabagh that ran a dead heat with Russborough for the St. Leger in 1850. The dead heat was between Russborough and Lord Zeland's Voltigeur. 2. The Colonel and Cadland ran a dead heat for the Derby in 1828.

G. G., Detroit, Mich.—1. At New York, on Dec. 20, 1876, Bogardus attempted to break 5,500 glass balls inside of 7 hours 30 minutes in 33 seconds. 2. Bogardus used a shotgun, stood 15 yards from the traps, and smashed the 5,500 balls in 7 hours 19 minutes 2 seconds.

G. S. M., Washington, D. C.—1. Johnny McGlade, the pugilist, was shot dead by James Leonard at the Fashion Saloon, Hamilton Nev., Sept. 11, 1883. 2. Joe Coburn and Sherman Thurston seconded Tom Allen when he fought Jem Mace at Kenner, La., May 10, 1870.

B. B., Cleveland, O.—1. Paddy Ryan weighed 185 pounds and John L. Sullivan 195 pounds when they fought at Mississippi City. 2. Dan Donnelly defeated George Cooper on the Curragh of Kildare, Ireland, on Dec. 13, 1815. 3. Eleven rounds were fought in 22 minutes.

R. M. N., Darlington.—The New York and Brooklyn Bridge was first proposed by Col. Julius W. Adams in 1885. The act of incorporation was passed in 1886. Survey began by John Roehling in 1893. Construction began Jan. 2, 1870. The first rope thrown across the river Aug. 14, 1866.

L. L., New York.—1. Bill Ryall, the English pugilist, arrived in this country with Peter Morris and Tom Allen. 2. No, he never engaged in a prize fight in this country. He was umpire for Billy Parkinson, of Pottsville, Pa., when he fought Tom Kelly at Aquia Creek, Va. Ryall died in the Sisters' Hospital, St. Louis, March 13, 1869.

Y. C., Cincinnati, Ohio.—1. The great four-oared race for \$6,000 and the championship, between Samuel Collyer and the Floyd T. Field, was rowed at Poughkeepsie, N. Y., July 18, 1865, and won by the Samuel Collyer. 2. The crew of the latter were Denny Leary and the Biglin brothers, while Stevens, Wooden, Burger and Benway rowed the Floyd T. Field.

D. M., Chicago, Ill.—1. The last fight for the feather-weight championship of America was fought between Dick Hollywood, of New York, and Johnny Keating, of Cincinnati, Ohio, on April 27, 1868, in Kentucky. 2. The stakes were \$2,500 a side. Only 3 rounds were fought, when Keating broke his arm on Hollywood's head, and the latter was declared the winner after 10 minutes of desperate fighting.

H. J., Jackson City.—1. Peter Corcoran and Sam Peters fought at Waltham Abbey, Eng., June, 1774. 2. There is no account of it in any of Corcoran's battles. The fight was a desperate one, and at the end of 10 minutes Peters was knocked out of time. Corcoran, as a pugilist of his period, stood in the first rank. He generally engaged with powerful pugilists, and was unfortunate in his contests. As he never shifted or fell accidentally without a blow, he seldom escaped a severe drubbing.

C. S., Georgetown.—1. The last fight between Sam Collyer and Barney Aaron was fought at Aquia Creek, Va., on June 13, 1867. The fight was for \$2,000 and the light-weight championship of America. 2. Collyer was seconded by Patsy Mealy and Mike Henry, of Brooklyn. Joe Coburn and Alderman James Dunne seconded Aaron, and Alderman McMullin, of Philadelphia, was referee. 3. The fight was won by Aaron in 67 rounds, lasting 1 hour 55 minutes. 4. A right. Collyer was carried from the ring after the battle.

H. W., Pittsburg, Pa.—Aaron Jones was born in Shropshire March 3, 1831. Height, 5 feet 11 inches; weight, 168 pounds. Beaten by Harry Orme, £20 a side, 2 hours 45 minutes, Frimley, Dec. 18, 1849. Beat Bob Wade, £25 a side, 1 hour, 43 rounds, Edenbridge, Sept. 24, 1850. Beaten by Harry Orme, £100 aside, 23 rounds, 33 minutes, part being fought at Burnbridge and part at Newmarket. The police interfered at both places. The referee ordered a third meeting, but Jones refused to renew the contest, May 10, 1852. Beaten by Tom Padlock, £100 a side, 120 rounds, 2 hours 24 minutes, Long Reach, July 18, 1854. Beaten by Tom Padlock, £100 a side, 61 rounds, 1 hour 29 minutes, Mildenhall, in the County of Suffolk, June 26, 1855. Fought Tom Sayers, £100 a side, 62 rounds, 3 hours, on the banks of the River Medway. Darkness came on; both men were much punished; Jan. 6, 1857. Beaten by Tom Sayers, £100 a side and a bet of £100, 85 rounds, 2 hours on the banks of the Medway, Feb. 19, 1857. Beaten by Mike McCool, £250



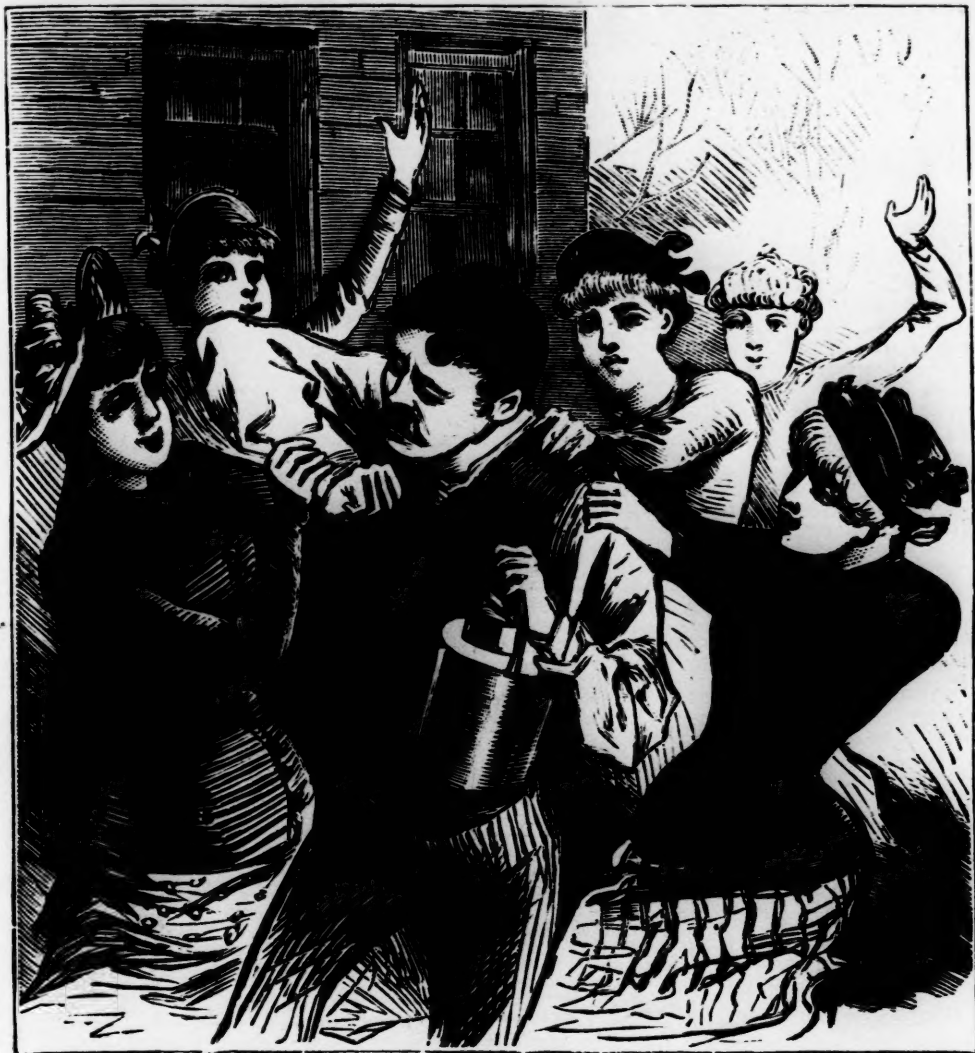
DYING IN HARNESS.

A VETERAN BROOKLYN POLICEMAN DROPS DEAD OF HEART DISEASE WHILE MAKING AN ARREST.

He Escaped a Mob By the Rope Breaking.

William Allen Story, who ran away with the wife of Charles Atchley, a farmer near Afton, Ohio, six years ago, has just returned from Nebraska. He is consulting an attorney for the

purpose of bringing suit against a number of citizens, who took him from jail, where he was confined at the time, to a railroad bridge, fastened a rope about his neck, gave him thirty-five feet slack, and then threw him over. The rope broke, and he managed to escape the vengeance of the mob.



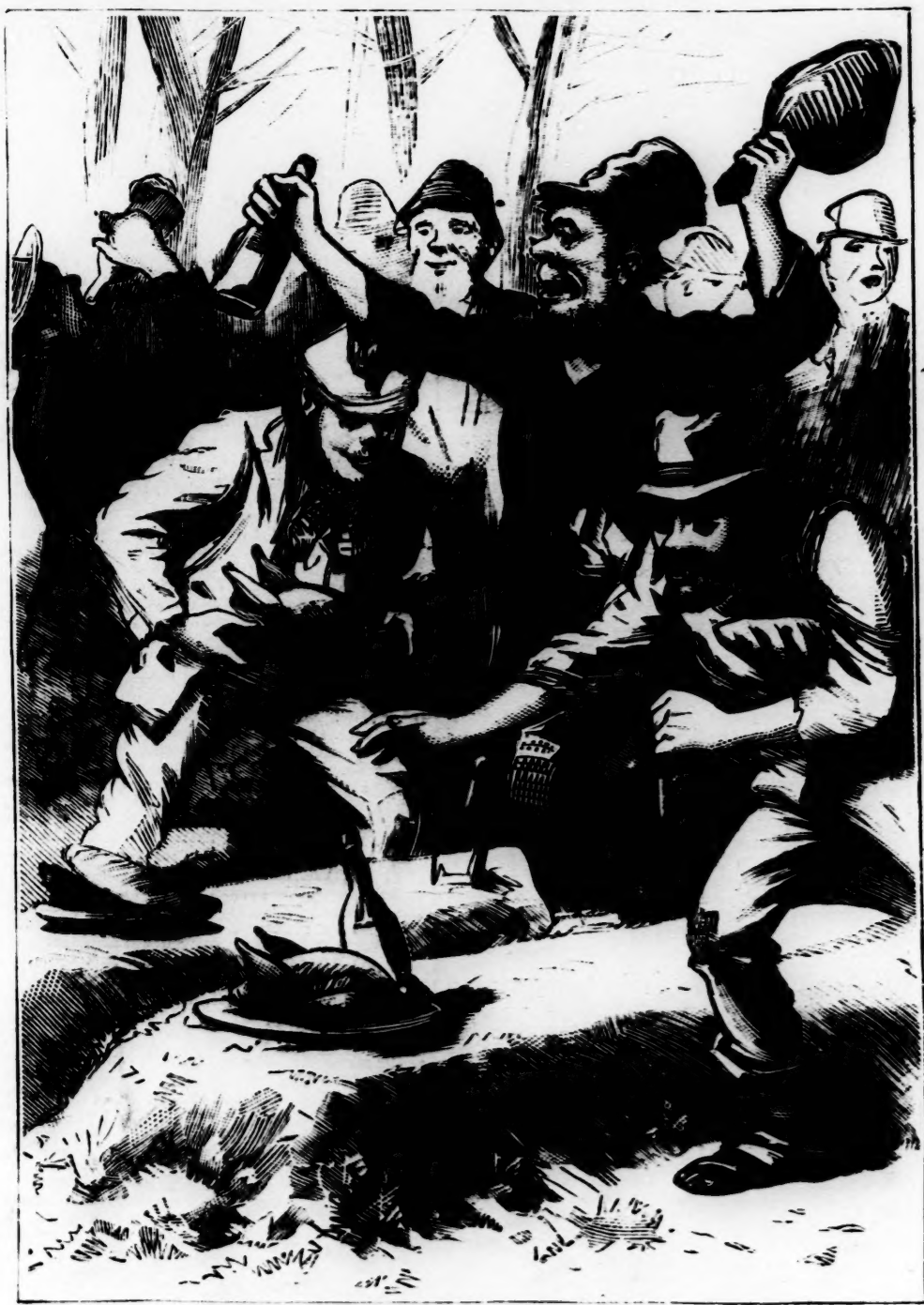
A PLEASANT PUNISHMENT.

THE FOREMAN OF A WOOLEN MILL, AT PASSAIC, N. J., IS NEARLY HUGGED TO DEATH BY A LOT OF GIRLS.

Dying In Harness.

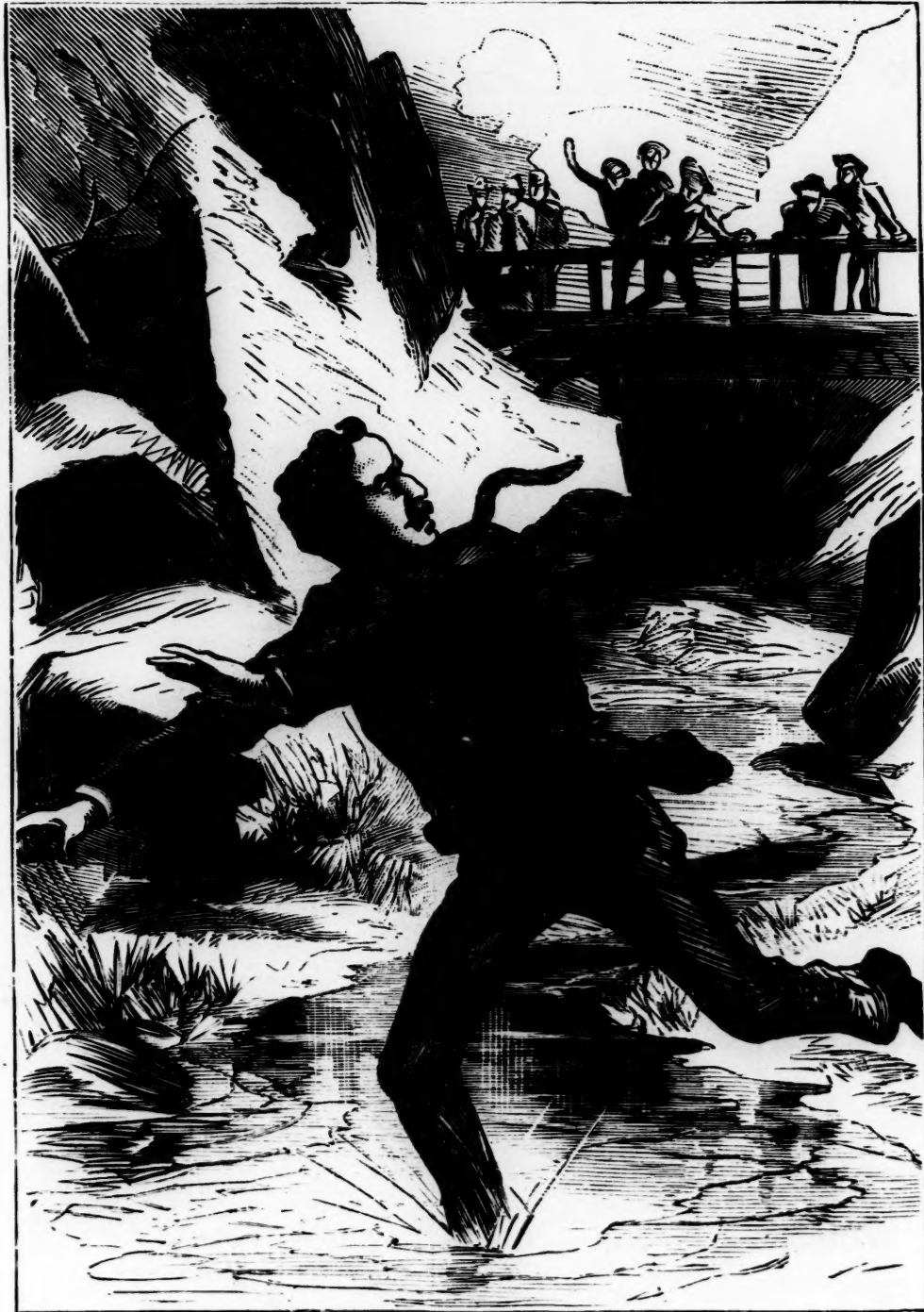
Policeman James Leckey, who had been on the Brooklyn force a quarter of a century, arrested a man for intoxication on Myrtle avenue, near Adelphi street, about half-past seven the other morning. He was within two blocks of the

station-house when his prisoner, who was unable to stand, fell to the sidewalk, dragging the policeman with him. The officer never arose. Two or three citizens who were near hastened to his assistance, but Leckey expired almost immediately. Heart disease is the supposed cause of death. Leckey leaves a family.



FUNERAL BAKED MEATS.

THE OBSEQUIES OF A DECEASED MONGOL IN DEMING, N. M., GIVE A GOOD CHANCE TO A CROWD OF TRAMPS.



BY THE SKIN OF HIS TEETH.

AN OHIO MAN ESCAPES DEATH AT THE HANDS OF A NEBRASKA MOB BY THE BREAKING OF A ROPE.

Joe Cotton.

Joe Cotton is a chestnut colt, by King Alfonso, dam Inverness, and is owned by Jas. T. Williams, of Eminence, Ky. As a two-year-old his career was not very promising, a dead heat with Elleen and a win at five-eighths of a mile in the fall being his best performances.

As a three-year-old, however, his career has been very brilliant. Commencing at New Orleans, he has won every stake he has started for, including the great Kentucky Derby, run May 14, in which he defeated the two Green Morris cracks, Favor and Bersan, who have been winter favorites for that event. Joe Cotton is well engaged for the future events, having been entered in no less than twenty-eight stakes yet to be run. His success is doubly gratifying, both to Mr. Williams, who failed last year to win the Derby with Bob Miles, and to his namesake, Joe Cotton, the well-known sporting man of New York, whose portrait we also give.

The Pool Bill.

Referring to the Pool bill, one of the Coney Island Jockey Club Association said: "It would have been brought up and passed if some of the Kings County Assemblymen hadn't been so greedy. Every man that we tried to interest in the bill talked as if he expected a small fortune for exercising his influence. Assemblymen and Senators who could be seen on almost any fine racing day last season sending their money into the pool-boxes took high moral grounds against pool-selling during the last session of the Legislature. They were ready to declare, whenever asked if the bill could be passed: 'Well, it can

be passed, but it can't be kissed through.' We knew what they meant, but we didn't agree to give from \$3,000 to \$10,000 for votes. If we had invested \$250,000 in Albany 'influence' the bill would in all probability have passed in the face of all opposition."

A member of the Brighton Beach Racing As-

sociation was quite as sore as the speaker quoted above. Said he:

"George Engeman has done a great many favors for Brooklyn Assemblymen; he has put a great many men to work upon the track as policemen and assistants on the recommendation of the very Assemblymen who showed the most

persons in that city who rent property to persons of unsavory reputation, and announces an intention of publishing the names of the occupants as well as the man who pockets the rent derived from this infamous business. How would such a publication do in this city?"

hostility to the Pool bill. He has done them scores of favors. Some of them have acted as if they thought that he should turn the Racing Association into a stock company and make them all directors. They may have succeeded in killing racing at the Island, but they haven't got any claims on the track, and if the worst comes, why, George can cut the land up into lots and sell the entire property for a fortune."

Drake Carter.

In this issue we present our readers with a portrait of the famous running dog, Drake Carter, formerly Retreat, who won the Great Puppy sweepstakes and the "Police Gazette" champion dog collar, run recently at Pastime Park, Philadelphia.

Good Advice.

The Chicago News is frank enough to say: "After reading over the names of the members of the Legislature who have gone junketing to New Orleans, we feel it to be our duty to advise the ladies accompanying the party to keep a close watch on their jewelry, watches, laces and pocket-books. There is not a sand-bagger, slugger, bumner or capper in the general assembly who has not gone with that excursion."

A Toledo paper is preparing a list of persons in that city who rent property to persons of unsavory reputation, and announces an intention of publishing the names of the occupants as well as the man who pockets the rent derived from this infamous business. How would such a publication do in this city?"



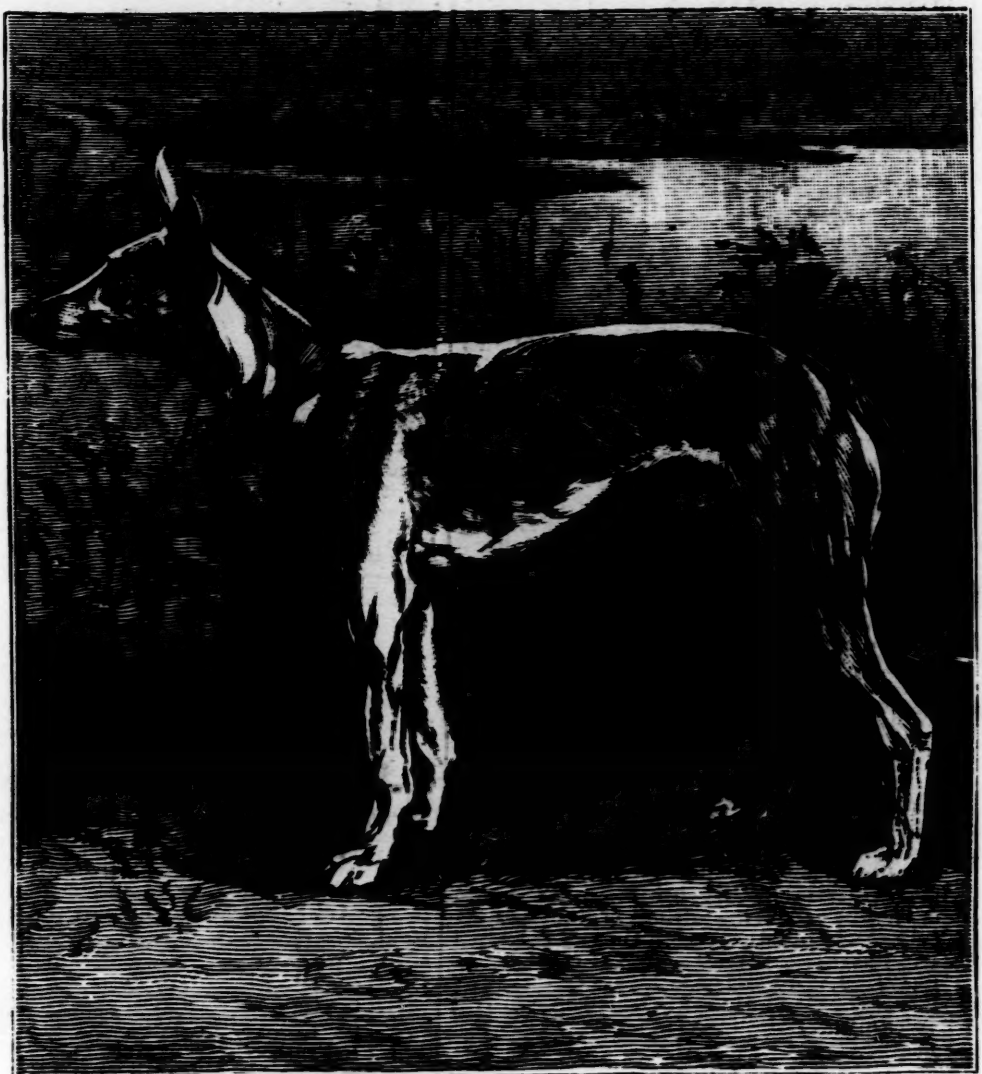
JOE COTTON.

THE WONDERFUL YOUNG HORSE WHO IS COMING TO THE FRONT AS AN INTERNATIONAL CELEBRITY.



JOE COTTON.

THE ORIGINAL AND POPULAR SPORTSMAN AFTER WHOM THE GREATEST OF EQUINE YOUNGSTERS IS NAMED.



DRAKE CARTER.

THE FAMOUS RUNNING DOG WHO RECENTLY WON THE GREAT PUPPY SWEEPSTAKES AT PASTIME PARK, PHILADELPHIA.

BEFORE THE BAR.

The Wisconsin Brewers' Soft Snap--
Millions of Pocket-Flasks for Kan-
sas--The Beer-Makers' Harvest
at Hand, Etc.



It is a good many years since Alois Peteler left Bavaria to make his fortune in the United States as an artistic confectioner, and he little dreamed when he first landed on American soil that he would become one of the most popular and prosperous of hotel-keepers in New York State. He made his early reputation as a designer of menus, and was, in effect, the pioneer artist of the gentle craft of catering. Some of the best dinners of olden times were planned and given by Mr. Peteler, under the auspices of Sam Ward and other veteran gourmets. Then he bought the Pavilion Hotel at New Brighton, Staten Island, and made a fortune as its proprietor and manager. Eight years ago he built the beautiful Pavilion at South Beach, Staten Island, which is crowded every summer with boarders of the best and most profitable class. His courtly manners and his unfailing good nature endeared him to all his numerous friends and acquaintances, chief among whom is William H. Vanderbilt. It is an open secret that Mr. Vanderbilt will go out of his way to oblige Mr. Peteler. It is not surprising to learn that Mr. Peteler is one of the best connoisseurs of wine in America, his cellars being comparable to those of the Amor House.

Prohibition makes every other man a walk-in bar.

We cannot decide who makes the best beer. They seem to be all very good this season.

What have the Legislators done for the dealers with all their promises and brags?

At last summer has arrived. The beer brewer and seller's harvest commences with the sunny season.

The brewers are flocking into the dealers' associations as honorary members at \$10 a head in this city. The more, the stronger.

The wife of a St. Louis man recently got up in the night to get him a drink of water, but he died before she returned. A St. Louis man will go to almost any extreme to avoid drinking water.

The Wisconsin brewers have discovered that the new license law is so loosely drawn that a brewing company may retail its own beer without a license. The result is that new beer shops are springing up in the cities of that State.

"Why is it that you students are not allowed to enter any saloon in Austin?" asked a stranger in Austin of a student of the University of Texas.

"The object of keeping us out of saloons is to prevent us from finding out how much the professors drink."

The pugilist's beverage—Punch.—*Somerville Journal.* The masher's beverage—Flip.—*Merchant Traveler.* The undertaker's beverage—Beer.—*St. Paul Herald.* The southern planter's beverage—Gin.—*Waverley Observer.* The prohibitionist's beverage—Four.

At the meeting of the Central Association, Mr. Kelly stated that the committee appointed for the purpose of endeavoring to persuade the Union for Rights to return to the Central Association reported that the mission was a success, and delegates would again be accredited to the central body.

Gentlemen who desire the genial beverages in Iowa, Kansas, Maine and other States where the Prohibition curse is, carry flasks. It's quite a common way of showing friendship by exchanging pocket-bottles. This of course leads to excessive drinking in most cases—one of the evil effects of Prohibition.

This is what Edward Yates thinks of some good old Rhine wine. "I have had the chance of tasting some of that Steinberg Cabinet which was sold at the royal auction of 1872 to a well-known Frankfort firm, and which has been recently bottled. It is simply magnificent, and the price! Well, it is not dear at 300s. a dozen."

If the saloon-keepers of Chicago, for instance, had been told five years ago that they would now have to pay \$500 a year for the privilege of continuing the business they would have laughed in a man's face and called him a fool. We are too strong and our influence is too great, they would probably have exclaimed, but they now have to pay the \$500 all the same, from which neither their strength nor their influence could free them.

John C. Eagan, a liquor dealer of Williamsburgh, moved to a new saloon on North Second street last week. A number of boys volunteered to help him move, and he accepted the offer. After they had been carrying bottled beer and other beverages for about an hour, Eagan noticed that they were getting very hilarious and that their gait was somewhat unsteady.

He found that they had drunk twenty-three bottles of lager and four bottles of whisky.

A local news item clipped from the Leavenworth (Kan.) paper runs as follows: "George Eddy, the druggist, received a car-load of half-pint, pint and quart flasks this morning." Leavenworth is a city of about 10,000 inhabitants, and not phenomenally unhealthy. A prohibitory law is upon the statute books of Kansas. Still it is sadly to be feared that many of the citizens do not live up to the cold-water gospel of St. John.

In the course of his lecture on "Effect of Alcohol on the Human System," Prof. T. B. Stowell, of the State Normal School at Cortland, made the statement that "opium in some form or other is used by women just as generally as tobacco is used by men. Girls use opium as much as boys use cigarettes. If the druggists of this city would tell what they know it would arouse the city in a night. It is owing to tobacco and opium that we find so many suicides, insane people and cranks."

KILLED AT THE CHURCH DOOR.

A Horrible and Impious Family Feud Causes Bloodshed in Madison, Florida.

[Subject of Illustration.]

A few years ago Col. West and Capt. Langford were the most prominent citizens of Madison county, Fla. A dispute over land matters caused a feud between the two families. The family antipathy was intensified by a series of personal articles published by William Langford and John West respectively in the two rival political papers of Madison. After the campaign the Wests and Langfords held a friendly conference at Thomasville, Ga., for the purpose of adjusting their family differences in a manner compatible with the honor of each. It was believed that the conference was successful. On May 18, however, the feud culminated in an encounter between the three Langford brothers on the one side and the three West brothers on the other, by which three lives were sacrificed. The scene of the conflict was the greensward in front of Hickory Grove Church, twenty-five miles from Madison, in a part of the county not reached by railroad or telegraph communication. Sunday-school was in progress within the church when the battle began, and members of the rival families were among the teachers.

The two Langford brothers were sitting beneath a tree in front of the church when John and Eugene West came driving up in a buggy. William Langford arose and went to meet the vehicle as if to speak to its occupants. A moment later pistol-shots rang out. Those who rushed out of the church to learn what was the matter saw Eugene West leap up into his buggy and fall over the wheels to the ground in a dying condition. A bullet had entered his back and passed entirely through the body, lodging just beneath the skin of the right breast. His left shoulder was also terribly hacked with a knife. At this juncture the third of the Wests joined his brothers. Two or three men, rushing out of the Sunday-school, essayed to check the impending conflict, but a fusillade in which all the combatants took part compelled the would-be peacemakers to seek safety in flight. A panic seized the women and children, and they fled screaming in every direction.

Thirty-five or forty shots were fired by the belligerents at close range as rapidly as they could pull trigger. William Langford was pierced by seven bullets and expired on the ground. While the conflict was still in progress Sabe Langford was shot through the bowels, kidneys and right arm and fell to the ground, but continued firing with his left hand until the chambers of his weapon were emptied. Taff Langford was shot through the head, but the physician says that he may survive. John West was terribly cut about the hips with a knife. Abraham West's back is a series of scars from the shoulders to the hips, but he will recover. Each of the families has a wide circle of relatives by marriage, and there are fears that the affair may lead to still more serious encounters.

A DESPERATE BATTLE WITH STUDENTS.

[Subject of Illustration.]

About 11 o'clock Saturday night last, while the students of Williston Seminary, at Easthampton, Mass., were rejoicing over the result of a ball game played during the afternoon with the Wilbraham Academy team, a mob of roughs attempted to interfere with the bonfire with which it is the custom of celebrating a success. They were asked to either stop their disturbance or leave the campus. The request led to hot words, and an attempt was made to remove them from the campus, whereupon two of the roughs drew knives and stabbed one of the students in the breast. A companion immediately sprang to his assistance, but before the knives could be wrested from his opponent's hands he received a slash in the side and fell exhausted by two successive wounds. The fight became general, the students defending themselves with barrel-staves and whatever sticks could be found left out of the fire. The fight lasted several minutes before the assailants were driven from the campus, leaving three of their companions disabled on the ground. The cause of the disturbance was probably the hatred existing between the two factions, in the remembrance of former brawls.

C. C. REEVES.

[With Portrait.]

Elsewhere we publish an excellent portrait of the well-nourished, amiable and accomplished young gentleman who shuffles the pasteboards at Niblo's Garden. A more jovial chap than Brother Reeves doesn't ornament a box-office.

WILLIAM SCOTT.

[With Portrait.]

This old man, in a most desperate fit of jealousy, murdered his wife at Manchester, near Canandaigua, N. Y., about three weeks ago. It is seldom that such an aged man as William Scott appears before us as the principal in such a terrible crime.

LOUIS RIEL A PRISONER.

[Subject of Illustration.]

We print elsewhere a sketch of the scene when Louis Riel, the Half-Breed Mahdi, was held as prisoner of war by Gen. Fred. Middleton, as a result of the gallant Canadian militia rally.

Send \$1.00 to this office and paper will be regularly mailed to your address for thirteen weeks.

HIS DEATH LEAP.

Robert Emmett Odium Jumps from the East River Bridge and Dies in 30 Minutes Afterward.

[Subject of Illustration.]

Under the auspices of Capt. Paul Boyton, Robert Emmett Odium, of Washington, jumped from the East River Bridge on the evening of May 29th. To divert the police a young man named Haggert was sent ahead on the bridge in a cab, while Odium followed in a furniture wagon. On they went, about seven wagons filling the space between them and the cab in which Haggert sat. The policemen were all nervous and expectant, for a tug-boat containing Boyton, Paddy Ryan and others, had reached a point toward the New York side and remained stationary almost under the bridge. Meanwhile, overhead, the cab which had gone more than a hundred yards from the New York tower suddenly wheeled to one side and Haggert jumped out, took off his coat and waistcoat and dropped his suspenders. A low whistle went along from the policemen in charge. The boys in blue came rushing from east and west, and collared Haggert. Travel on the carriage-ways on both sides was stopped. The promenade, which was black with pedestrians, was blocked in an instant and hundreds leaned over the trusses and looked down. Everybody was excited, and the policemen were all engaged with Haggert, who still kept tugging frantically in his pretended desire to jump into the water. At length Officer McLeod secured him and marched him off to the York Street Police Station in Brooklyn.

All the while Boyton and his party looked up from below and laughed heartily at how well the ruse was working. "Professor" Odium's turn had come, and his desire to "make history" was about to be filled with a vengeance. While the policemen were struggling with Haggert, Odium slipped noiselessly from under the light covering in the wagon and was standing on the parapet in a moment. He had still on the tight shoes already described, but wore neither cap nor shoes. As he stood there alone the crowd surged with one common impulse in that direction and scanned every feature of the man. He seemed to be about thirty-six years old and looked not less than 5 feet 10 in his bare feet. His features were sharp; a jet black mustache, closely cropped, adorned his face; his lips were compressed and determined-looking. He seemed calm, and as he looked down into the placid water 140 feet below there came a shiver over the crowd, followed by an involuntary burst of admiration at the calm courage of the man. A Fulton ferry-boat passed from the New York side with a great crowd. The people all looked up tremblingly and some of the women felt faint.

It was now 5:30 o'clock. Capt. Boyton and his friends looked up from the tug-boat and met the eyes of the professor, who smiled as calmly as though 140-foot jumps were trifling matters. Then he softly stroked his hair, which was combed over his forehead toward the right, braced his legs close together, planted his left arm down along his side as though responding to an order on parade. For a moment he steadied himself, s. reached his right hand to his utmost limit above his head, took a deep and prolonged breath and sprang into the air.

At the moment he jumped a cry broke from the great crowds on the bridge and those aboard vessels in the river. Capt. Boyton, on the tug-boat, was about the only man in the thousands who remained calm. He surveyed the descent of his reckless friend with the cool precision of a professional man. For the first hundred feet Odium still held to his original attitude and shot straight away like an arrow; then he was turned partly on his right side by an irresistible force which he struggled vainly to oppose. He whirled his right arm through the air seeking a support of some kind, but he could do nothing. "Oh," he said, in a low tone just as he was about striking the water. Then he struck with a terrific crash, partly on his right side. His plaintive cry was drowned in the loud surge of the waters and the tremendous noise which arose from the multitudes on the bridge overhead. When he reappeared on the surface he still continued to throw his right hand around as though imploring aid. A life-preserver was flung from the tug-boat, followed by Capt. Boyton, who pitched himself headlong into the river clothes and all, and swam vigorously for the unfortunate professor, who was about fifty yards away. He took him under his left arm and made for one of the small boats, in which he safely secured his charge. They were both soon transferred to the tug, which hurried back to her starting-point at Old slip, where all on board went ashore.

The distance to the water, counting the five feet or so of bridge railing, is 140 feet, and from the time Odium jumped until he struck the water three and a quarter seconds passed, three-quarters of a second more than Odium himself had calculated upon. He only sank about five feet before he returned to the surface. On the tug-boat he was rolled in blankets, and it was then noticed that the great force of the fall had burst the tight-fitting trunks in several places and nearly torn the little red jacket to shreds. He was conscious for awhile, but Captain Boyton noticed the fatal symptoms of blood and spittle oozing between his lips. He responded a little, however, to the application of restoratives, and during this revival he looked around quietly, and his eyes once again meeting those of Captain Boyton, he asked in an extremely weak voice:

"Well, what kind of a jump did I make?"

"Splendid," said Boyton.

"Am I hurt much?"

"Not at all, Bob, old man," said Boyton. "Keep up your courage. You'll be all right in a little while."

"I know I'll be all right," he said in a still feeble voice.

It was 6:15 when the Charles Runyon moored at her landing-place, and then it was found that Odium was dead.

The crowd from the tug-boat went ashore with solemn faces, and Capt. Boyton's pleasant smile gave way to gloom. The body was taken on a stretcher to the First precinct station, and the names of Capt. Boyton and some others of the party were taken down by the sergeant. Soon afterward the body was put in ice and conveyed to Coroner Kennedy's undertaking shop in Pearl street.

Robert E. Odium was unmarried. Recently he had been engaged as a clerk in Willard's Hotel at Washington, and during the inauguration ceremony was a private detective in that city. His regular business, however, was that of a professional swimmer. He came here on Saturday determined to jump from the

bridge, and on Monday walked over the great highway with Capt. Boyton.

"If I had a boat down there," he said, "I could do it now."

HOW THEY STRUCK IT.

What Came of Investing in a Lottery Ticket.

Mr. John W. Haywood, residing at No. 38 Charlton street, was met by a News reporter last night and asked whether he had ever heard from the \$15,000 which it was reported that he had drawn on one-fifth of ticket No. 59,075 which drew the first capital prize of \$75,000 in the drawing of the Louisiana State Lottery Company on the 14th of April. "Have I heard from it? Is that all you want to know?" was the reply. "Well, the money is here in Savannah. It was collected through the Savannah Bank and Trust Company at a cost of \$52.95 and was counted out to Mr. L. M. Verdery and myself, who were partners in the proceeds of the fortunate ticket, last week Friday. Let me tell you about it. I had no regular employment for some time, but happening to get an odd job, I took \$2 of the wages and inclosed it to M. A. Dauphin, asking him to send me two one-fifth tickets of different numbers. Mr. Verdery gave me \$1 to pay for one of the tickets, the understanding being that, if either or both tickets drew anything we would be partners, sharing alike. The Friday night after the drawing I was sitting at home feeling decidedly down in the mouth and trying to amuse myself by playing solitaire. I was a few hundred dollars in debt and my house rent was due. In fact, I expected a notice to vacate. The door-bell rang and Verdery came in and asked if I had read the paper. I said: 'Yes, I've read all the papers.' 'Didn't you see that one-fifth of the capital prize in the Louisiana lottery had been drawn in Savannah?' he asked.

"Well, what of it?"

"Get out those tickets and look," said Verdery.

"I had quite forgotten about the tickets, but went and got them out. One was 59,075. We compared it with the number reported in the newspaper, the latter calling for 59,055. I said to Verdery: 'Don't you see, twenty points out of the way? However, newspapers sometimes make one figure show in place of another. We'll go down town and look at the official list of numbers.' We didn't take the tickets with us. We looked in at Fernandez's and the list, when Verdery in an undertone remarked to me: 'That is the number—59,075.'"

"The next morning we went to the Savannah Bank and Trust Company and got a receipt for the ticket, which the bank forwarded to New Orleans. The following Thursday evening a telegram stated that the amount in full had been placed to the credit of myself in the Savannah Bank and Trust Company. The next day the sum of \$14,977.05 was counted out to Mr. Verdery and myself in five, ten, twenty, fifty and one hundred dollar bills, after which the whole amount was equally divided between us, and we each deposited our share in bank, or rather in three banks."

"What are your plans for the future?" asked the reporter.

"I have paid every cent I owed, except \$5. I am going to buy my wife a house and in her name; and in July I mean to take her to see her mother, whom she has not seen for a number of years."—*Savannah (Ga.) News, May 2.*

THE WORLD OF SPORT.

[Subject of Illustration.]

Elsewhere we illustrate, as will be seen by the captions, some of the principal sporting events of the past week.

NOT SO FAST.—TO ADVERTISERS.

OSWEGO, N. Y., March 29.
FRANK QUEEN PUBLISHING CO.—Gent: You may continue our card in the *Clipper*. We will add that we have had more returns from our card in the *Clipper* than from our eight-line card in —, which costs us one dollar per line. We don't understand this. Yours truly, EASTERN CARD CO.

OSWEGO, N. Y., May 7, 1885.
MANAGER ADVERTISING DEPARTMENT, GAZETTE.—Dear Sir: Inclosed you will find a cutting from the editorial of New York *Clipper*, March 28, which may or may not have attracted your attention and needs a word or two of explanation. The *Clipper* had no authority from us to publish a confidential business letter over our firm signature and we consider it at least bad taste. The truth of the matter is this: When we wrote the *Clipper* our card had been in that paper and in the *GAZETTE* one week, and, singularly enough, we had received seven answers from the *Clipper* card and but three from the *GAZETTE* card, which, true enough, we did not understand. But, since the time of writing, we received, sad to say, no more answers to our *Clipper* card and thirty-seven (37) answers (twenty-eight cash) from the *GAZETTE* card, from about every State and Territory, Canada, and one from Honolulu. Further, let us say, we received no letters of acknowledgment of the receipt of our cash remittances either from the — or —. A comparison of business methods of your paper with that of some others is, perhaps, unnecessary, but it surely must be appreciated by those who use your columns to advertise in. Respectfully, IMPORTING CO., Oswego, N. Y. (Formerly Eastern Card Co.)

LITERARY NOTE.

"Nana's Brother," the new novel by Emile Zola, author of "Nana" and "L'Assommoir," is by far the greatest romance any writer has given the world in recent years. Copies of it, or of "Nana" or "L'Assommoir" will be sent to any one, to any place, postpaid, on remitting 75 cents in a letter to the publishers, T. B. PETERSON & BROTHERS, Philadelphia, Pa.

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Manufacturer of Medals.
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SUFFERERS FROM

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BE YOUR OWN PHYSICIAN!

Many men, from the effects of youthful imprudence, have brought about a state of weakness that has reduced the general system so much as to induce almost every other disease, and the real cause of the trouble scarcely ever being suspected, they are doctored for everything but the right one. Notwithstanding the many valuable remedies that medical science has produced for the relief of this class of patients, none of the ordinary modes of treatment effect a cure. During our extensive college and hospital practice we have experimented with and discovered new and concentrated remedies. The accompanying prescription is offered as a certain and speedy cure, as hundreds of cases in our practice have been restored to perfect health by its use after all other remedies failed. Perfectly pure ingredients must be used in the preparation of this prescription.

R- Erythroxylon coca, ½ drachm.
Jerubelin, ½ drachm.
Helonias Dioica, ½ drachm.
Gelsemin, 8 grains.
Ext. Ignatias amarae (alcoholic), 2 grains.
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Make 60 pills. Take 1 pill at 3 p. m., and another on going to bed. In some cases it will be necessary for the patient to take two pills at bedtime, making the number three a day. This remedy is adapted to every condition of nervous debility and weakness in either sex, and especially in those cases resulting from imprudence. The recuperative powers of this restorative are truly astonishing, and its use continued for a short time changes the languid, debilitated, nerveless condition to one of renewed life and vigor.

As we are constantly in receipt of letters of inquiry relative to this remedy, we would say to those who would prefer to obtain it from us, by remitting \$1, a securely sealed package containing 60 pills, carefully compounded, will be sent by return mail from our private laboratory, or we will furnish 6 packages, which will cure most cases, for \$5.

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AND IMPOTENCY quickly and radically cured, whether caused by Self-Abuse, Early Errors or Marriage Excesses, and in men of all ages, YOUNG AND OLD, by the
GREAT SPANISH HERB
(Copaiba). We solicit the most advanced and obstinate cases of those who from having dealt with Quacks and being imposed on are hopeless and despondent. You can be cured. Send to us for the fullest particulars or call and see our doctor. **YON GRAF TROCHEE CO., 59 Park Place, N. Y.**

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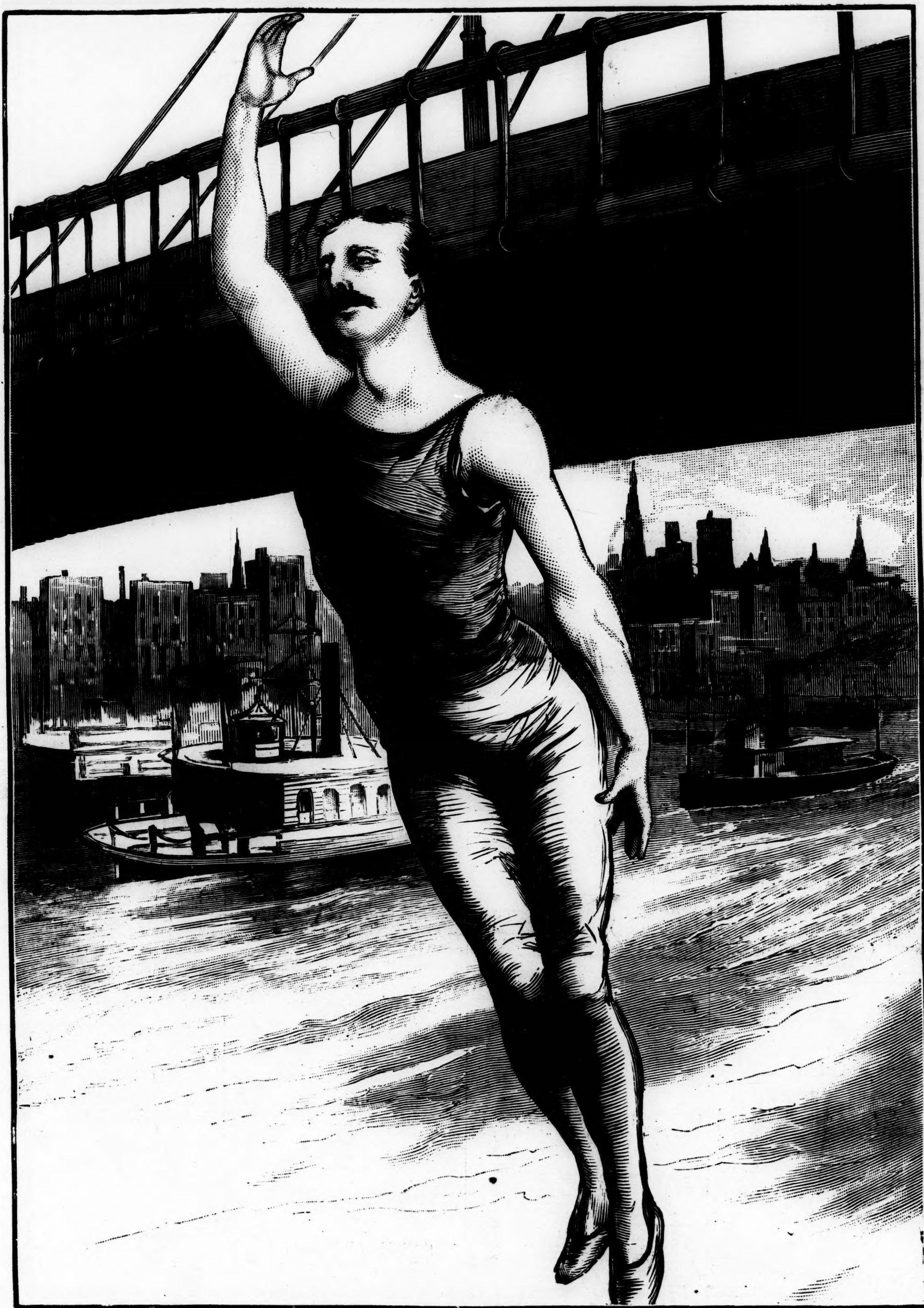
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